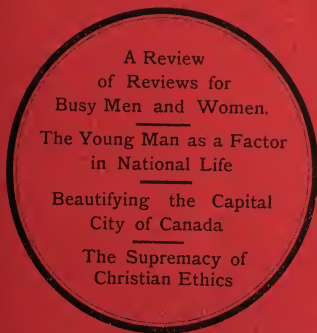


SEPTEMBER

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XVI

SEPTEMBER 1908

No 5



Beautifying the Capital City of Canada

How Ottawa is Being Made to Reflect the Intelligence, Progress, Refinement and Artistic Temperament of the People—Transformed Within a Decade From an Overgrown Lumber Town to a Civic Paradise—An Appreciation of the Work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission.

By G. S. Van Stinson.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

—Keats.

OTTAWA the beautiful!

In the last decade the appearance of the capital city of Canada has been completely changed. If you have not visited for some years that centre of legislation how true, then, is the oft-heard exclamation, "You would not recognize the place." What has brought about the transformation of Ottawa, the erstwhile overgrown lumber town, to Ottawa, the city of lovely parks and delightful drives, of pleasant retreats and rustic bridges, of flower-decked boulevards and airy kiosks, of fascinating footpaths and cool breathing spaces?

The Ottawa Improvement Commission, which was created by Federal authority on December 21st, 1899, is largely responsible for the satisfactory state of things presented in the capital to-day.

Entertaining residents from another city

or visitors from a far off land, it is necessary no longer for a citizen of Ottawa to offer apologies for the look of the capital which formerly had to be excused on various pleas or ready pretences. Now all things are changed. The capital is, indeed, the reflex of the country—a living exemplification of the fact that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. The national spirit of enterprise and intelligence, art and refinement, beauty and culture, progress and prosperity, are nowhere typified—*à la vivah*, to a greater degree than in Ottawa. The city in which the seat of government is located, should be a leader—a representative spot, and in many respects a paragon. As a show place, as an ably administered urban community, all should be able to point to it with pardonable pride. Like Tarns of old, Ottawa is no lay no mean city. It is feeling the effect of prosperity, of a native, well-groomed appearance, fully conscious of its splendid future. This is evidenced by the Greater Ottawa scheme. The suburbs are beginning to come in. Ot-



Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Prominent Canadians who are Ever Proud to Proclaim Themselves Citizens of Ottawa.

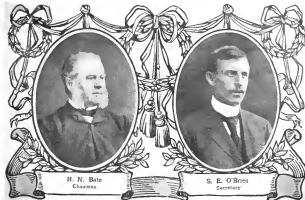


Mr. R. L. Borden

taka East and Hintonburgh being annexed last year. Like the current of a mighty river the municipality is gathering strength and power as the stream of civic progress flows steadily on. The population has augmented to such an extent that this fall the figure is expected to touch the 80,000 mark—an increase of 20,000 since the Federal census in 1901. The taxable assessment will likely reach \$48,000,000.

A brief retrospective reference may not be uninteresting. What Washington is to the United States, Paris to France, and Berlin to Germany, it was often thought Ottawa should be to Canada. Successive Ministers, Ministries and Governments delayed action or were not thoroughly convinced of the necessity and propriety of making a decidedly forward move. The siders by several public bodies, the Cana-

dian Press Association being among the first. Lieut.-Col. J. B. MacLean, who was President of that organization in 1897, in his address to the members, strongly urged the wisdom and importance of making the capital so attractive in character that it would be distinctly national. Hon. W. S. Fielding introduced a bill in the Commons in 1899, which was carried after some spasmodic opposition and jealous jibes from the press of other cities, which narrow-minded spirit has since been lived down. The measure was entitled "An Act respecting the City of Ottawa," and under it provision was made "for the payment of an annual grant of \$60,000 to a Commission of four members, under the name of 'The Ottawa Improvement Commission,' for the acquisition of property in the



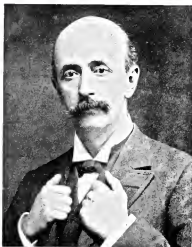
City of Ottawa, or vicinity thereof, for the purpose of public parks, streets, drives, etc., and the performing of all improvements, repairs, etc., required in connection therewith."

The Commission for the first three years was composed of four members—three appointed by the Government and one by the civic corporation. The original Commissioners were Henry N. Bate, C. R. Cunningham, Joseph Riopelle and Thomas Payment, then Mayor of Ottawa.

Mr. S. E. O'Brien was appointed secretary by Commission. Mr. Robert Surtees, for nearly a quarter of a century City Engineer of Ottawa, was chosen as engineer, and Mr. Charles Murphy as solicitor. There has been no change in the officers, except that Mr. Surtees passed away September 29th, 1906. Since then the landscape work, road making and other improvements have been carried forward under the direction of Mr. Alexander Stuart, a gentleman fully qualified by training, taste and experience, to continue the plans and propositions of his faithful predecessor, who had designed all the Commission's works and satisfactorily superintended their execution.

In 1902, the number of Commissioners was doubled, and the following added: Sir William Hingston and Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, Montreal; Hon. F. T. Frost, Smith's Falls, and George O'Keefe, ex-M.P.P., Police Magistrate of Ottawa. On the death of Sir William Hingston, February 7th, 1907, Sir Sandford Fleming was named as his successor. The augmentation gave the Commission a more thoroughly representative character. Public men from other portions of Canada would have been selected, rather than have all the Commissioners from Ottawa, Montreal and near-by points, only that regular meetings being held every month and special ones at intervals, it was deemed advisable to have members who could attend on short notice.

All the members of the Cabinet, and particularly the Prime Minister, take a deep interest in the work of the Improvement Commission. After the return of Sir Wilfrid from the Colonial Conference last year, in replying to Ottawa's address of welcome as a city, he said: "If the occasion ever occurs that I should relinquish my present position, I shall go into private life. There is only one position that I could accept,

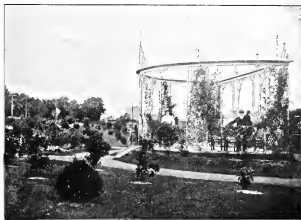


His Excellency Earl Grey

Who Takes a Personal Interest in the Work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission

and it would be to become a member of the Improvement Commission of Ottawa." It was on the occasion of another great welcome when Sir Wilfrid, who had just been elevated to power, used the term "Washington of the North" when referring to his interest and desire to make Ottawa beautiful, attractive and picturesque. The phrase has been a happy one—one that has remained. It is probably used now as a synonym for the city almost as repeatedly as "Capital."

The original Act of 1899, by which the Improvement Commission came into being, provided for an expenditure of \$60,000 annually for the period of ten years. Four years later the Act was further amended to provide that this sum be paid each year to the Commission for ten more years, or until 1919. It was also felt that going along on a hard and fast expenditure of \$60,000 hampered the Commissioners in their plans, preventing them undertaking improvements or propositions of a large



Rideau Canal Driveway, showing Pagoda.

national character, and having them expeditiously carried out. The regular allowance of \$60,000 was too local, limited and restrictive. Accordingly, under the amended Act the Commission has the power to borrow on debentures, bearing interest not exceeding four per cent., a sum not greater than \$250,000, to buy land and effect improvements requiring a larger expenditure than is available out of the early grant.

The Commission since December 21st, 1899, has received by means of the annual grant of \$60,000, and the sale of debentures (up to March 31st, 1908, when the last financial statement was issued), \$800,448.89. The total expenditure at the same date stood at \$795,044.98. It is expected that by the end of the present year nearly \$1,000,000 will have been expended by the Commission in adorning and ornamenting the capital city.

Some of the largest individual expenditures are: Rideau Canal driveway, \$170,236.61; maintenance, \$48,023.02; National

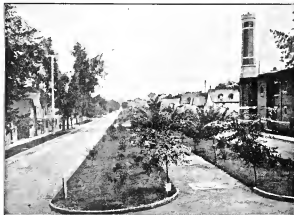
Park, \$115,115.79; King Edward Avenue, \$92,237.39; Minto Bridge, \$41,152.74; Strathcona Park, \$45,085.87; Clemons Avenue, \$45,013.30; Causeway over Dow's Lake, \$44,315.85; city streets, \$15,512.24; Patterson Creek Parks, \$14,052.43; C.A.R. subway, \$13,107.21; Rockcliffe Park, \$5,965.70; Rockcliffe Park maintenance, \$8,018.20, etc.

To attempt anything like a detailed description of all the plans, improvements and changes, or to do them anything like adequate justice, would fill volumes. The briefest outline will have to answer on the present occasion.

The Avenue, as it is familiarly called, is, next to the Canal driveway itself, the most noticeable work. King Edward Avenue, from Government House gates to Rideau Street, crossing Minto Bridge, over the Rideau River, is a dream of beauty and loveliness. To the east of Government House splendid drives have also been built to Rockcliffe Rifle Range, which is located about seven miles from the Russell House,

The view afforded of the famous Gatineau country and Laurentian Hills is magnificent in the extreme. Rockcliffe Park comprises over eighty acres, and the National Park one hundred and fourteen. The scenic attraction is fascinating and most diversified in character. In some respects the beauty of these parks stands alone amid the great handiworks of nature.

Earl Grey has taken much interest in the labors of the Improvement Commission. With respect to the improvement at Rockcliffe, his Excellency and Countess Grey, who are both skilled in amateur gardening, offered many valuable suggestions. The Commissioners in their report of the work for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1906, took occasion to thank their Excellencies, and added: "By personal direction of his Excellency, a number of trees have been felled and underbrush removed where the growth was too thick, thus giving picturesque glimpses of the river flowing past the park and opening up beautiful vistas of the Laurentian Mountains in the distance."



King Edward Avenue, looking from the North.

The Rideau Canal driveway is the most stupendous and costly of all the schemes which have been carried to completion. Formerly the western bank of the canal was a neglected, weed-grown, uneven stretch or reserve from one to two hundred feet in width, and used at some points as a dumping ground. The metamorphosis is marvelous. Now no city in America can boast of a grander or more artistic driveway. The main roadway is 24 feet wide and four miles long, the principal entrance being at Cartier Square, corner of Elgin Street and Laurier Avenue West. It skirts the canal, occupying entirely what was the old Government reserve. A subway was built under the C.A.R. tracks, and the driveway continued through Lansdowne Park to Bank Street. From that thoroughfare it runs westerly to Dow's Lake, and the Experimental Farm, and over this route two roadways have been built practically all the way. Across Dow's Lake a causeway half a mile long has been constructed. The causeway is made with a Telford limestone foundation and lime-



Rideau Canal Driveway, entrance from Bank Street.

stone macadam, and is drained on each side with agricultural tiles—a decidedly inexpensive but substantial construction. Footpaths extend throughout the whole length of the driveway. Several rustic summer houses or kiosks have been erected, and an artificial lake, filled with aquatic plants and spanned by a rustic bridge, has been formed east of the Exhibition Grounds. The greater part of the canal bank along which the driveway extends has been protected by a cribwork retaining wall. Work on the Rideau Canal driveway began in July, 1900, and was practically completed by June 30th, 1905. The total cost, not including the C.A.R. subway, \$162,352.85. An alternate route has been made whereby visitors to the Experimental Farm may return by way of Clemow and Monkland Avenues, making about six miles of driveway in all.

In accordance with an agreement entered into with the city in 1904, Rockcliffe, Strath-

cona and Somerset Parks were leased to the Commission for fifteen years, and the Commission has repaired and greatly improved these delightful retreats. In June, 1903, it was decided by the Commission to construct a large park in the vicinity of Rockcliffe. The tract of land lying along the Ottawa River, between Rockcliffe Park and the Dominion Rifle Range, and containing about 110 acres, was secured at a reasonable price, 71 acres being purchased in 1904, and the remaining 40 acres since June 30th, 1905.

The last important work in the general scheme of the Commission is the construction of a driveway from the western end of the Experimental Farm northward to the Ottawa River, to connect with the trio of small islands at Rensou's Rapids—a distance of nearly five miles. The islands will be connected with the shore, and with one another by light bridges of fantastic design.



"THE SISTERS" BY RALPH PEACOCK.

A romance of so unusual a character as to even almost be believable to be true, has culminated in the marriage in London of Mr. Harold Titcomb, a young New Orleans mining engineer, and Miss Ethel Bragwell, who is well known in art and among theatrical circles.

Mr. Titcomb is a son of the English aristocracy, wandered into the Tate Gallery, where he saw a painting by Mr. Ralph Peacock called "The Two Sisters," a picture of two very beautiful, golden-haired English girls. Mr. Titcomb fell in love with the younger of the two girls and set out on a quest to find out who she was. He first wrote to the artist, asking for a copy of her picture. Mr. Peacock in reply giving him the name of a friend who would be willing to copy the picture. This correspondence led to personal interviews, first to close friendship between Mr. Peacock and Mr. Titcomb, and at last to Mr. Peacock's studio. Mr. Titcomb was introduced to the original of the younger girl in the painting, Miss Ethel Bragwell, who happens to be a sister-in-law of the artist.

It is fortunate Mr. Titcomb fell in love with the younger sister, for the elder is the wife of the artist. Not satisfied with the possession of the copy of the picture of Miss Bragwell, Mr. Titcomb proudly showed a desire to secure the original, and he became a suitor for the lady's hand. In due course the lady consented, and her family consenting also, the wedding was celebrated.



A Bad Highway, of Which There are too Many To-day.

What Good Roads Mean to the Business Man

Public Sentiment has Already Been Awakened, but the Efforts of the Mercantile Community are Needed to Crystallize Sentiment Into Action—Impassable Highways are a Great Drawback to the Comfort and Prosperity of any Locality.

By C. M. R.

WHETHER the business man in the country town realizes it or not, the question of good roads is one with which his interests are closely allied. It is quite possible that in the past the relationship between the extent of business in a town and condition of the roads leading to that town has not been fully understood, hence the apathy, or at best half-hearted sympathy exhibited by business men towards projects having for their object the systematic improvement of the roads.

Few subjects deserve such attention by the country merchant as that associated with providing good highways leading to the town in which he does business.

It must be obvious to every such merchant every time the roads are in a condition which prevents farmers' wives and daughters from coming to town, the opportunity of doing business which their presence there would afford is lost, and may it not be quite possible that some of the growth of the business done by city mail order houses with persons resident in the country may be traced more or less directly to the fact that poor roads make

journeying to town a hardship to the women of the family, at least.

These are points in this question which have a direct bearing upon the business of the country merchant, and they seem to justify the statement that these retailers are under a responsibility to themselves to further to the extent of their ability any movement towards better roads which may be promulgated.

Fortunately for the retailer, though, it must be confessed, most frequently without the active support from him which should have been accorded, a great deal has been done along this direction in Canada, and there are indications that in some quarters at least, the importance of this project in its local as well as national aspect, has been appreciated.

The direct benefit accruing to the business man alone constitutes sufficient reason for his active interest in the good roads question, but there is an indirect benefit, which, after all, perhaps furnishes the strongest argument in favor of his support of this project.

Good roads mean more prosperous farm-

ers. Every dollar spent in improvement of highways adds many dollars to the wealth of the farming community served by it, in the increased facilities which good roads afford for successful farming.

Good roads are essentially a business proposition. They represent an investment which will bring handsome returns by increased property values, and facilities for transacting farm business at a greater profit. When a loan company is asked to advance money on farm property, the class of roads leading to the farm is one of the prominent considerations in appraising its value. A farm with good highways approaching it will sell more readily than will one which has to be reached over neglected and badly constructed roads. Quoting a recent statement by the president of a leading Canadian bank, "Our counties and townships in the older parts of the province, are, as municipalities go, comparatively rich, and there is no obvious excuse for roads which in the spring and autumn, for many weeks together, are of very little use."

Good roads are of vastly more importance to the development of any country than is commonly attributed to them. A vague impression prevails that railways have superseded them, and that so far as industrial, commercial and social progress is concerned, the condition of the common

road is of little consequence. A more indefensible position could not be taken. Railways mean above all, further development, and that development demands the improvement of country roads as feeders to the railway, and for communication with the adjacent country. Every nation that has achieved supremacy has been a builder of roads. Good roads are not merely an index of, but a means towards national greatness.

In Ontario alone the rural roads are costing more than \$2,000,000 for maintenance, but while this is the actual expenditure, there is, in addition, a tremendous toll of time and energy wasted in traveling over bad roads; energy which would be spent profitably were the country's highways in good condition. This and the many other inconveniences of bad roads, handicap farming to an extent, the sum of which is seldom realized.

There is, however, an improvement in progress, and during the last few years a great deal has been done. In Ontario many counties have adopted a system of county roads, and this has invariably been followed by the existence of very much better conditions. The Government, in order to encourage this movement, set apart \$1,000,000 to be used as grants to counties taking advantage of the provisions of the Act passed. By this Act the Government pays



A Pleasant Road in Summer, but too Flat for Wet Seasons.

one-third of the cost of improvements effected in counties working on the county system.

In places where the farmers themselves, as the class most directly benefited, are not sufficiently appreciative of the advantages represented by good roads to interest themselves in an effort to secure them, merchants will be consulting their own interests by heading a movement with this as its object. It may be that public sentiment has already been partially awakened and that the efforts of merchants to crystallize such sentiment into action will meet with a ready response.

It is possible that an association has been formed, but if there is no such organization the merchant should lead in organizing one. His business will be helped through his being identified with the movement, and he will benefit even before his efforts and those of his neighbors have resulted in the improvement of the highways.

It has indeed become generally recognized that this matter of roadmaking can no longer be carried on by means of the antiquated system under which the farmers

supplied their labor. It is admitted that work must be done in a scientific manner and under the direction of both the Provincial and the county authorities.

Here is where the retail merchant comes in. He usually occupies a position of prominence and authority; he has special opportunities for impressing right views upon his community. He could, for instance, utilize his display windows for exhibiting the difference between good roads and bad ones. Photographs of the old-fashioned dirt road and of the modern highway can be obtained at small expense, and if displayed in the window, with appropriate printed matter, will attract wide attention. Nor will they in any way interfere with the display of merchandise. On the contrary, the photographs will attract people to the window, and after the spectators have absorbed the ideas presented in the views they will turn their minds to the merchandise.

One such man can accomplish a great deal if he is energetic and enthusiastic and appreciates the far-reaching effects which will accrue to the business of a town leading to which is a system of good roads, easily traveled in all weather conditions.



A Well Gravelled and Thoroughly Drained Road in Hastings County.



The Oldest Working Journalist in the Dominion

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Former Premier of Canada, is at His Desk Every Day Although he is Now in his 85th Year—An Unique Personage in Canadian Public Life—For Seventy-four Years he has Been Identified with One Printing Office.

By G. W. Brock.

THE oldest editorial writer in Canada, actively engaged at his desk every day, grinding out leaders for his paper, is Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

He is a decidedly unique personality in Canadian journalism. He is not only a former Premier of the Dominion, but he has been identified with one paper longer, perhaps, than any other man in the world. Away back in 1834 he walked in the *Intelligencer* office in Belleville, Ont., and asked for a job. The late George Benjamin was

the proprietor, and he gave young Bowell who was then a lad of twelve summers, a position as "devil." From this humble beginning he climbed steadily, not only to the editorship and subsequently ownership of the publication, but to the highest office in the gift of the Canadian people—First Minister in the Government of a country to which he came as a poor boy in 1833, locating in Belleville with his father, a carpenter of Rickingham, Suffolk, England. Sir Mackenzie has been connected with the Belleville *Intelligencer* for a continuous period of seventy-four years, and to-day, although he is in the 85th year, he works longer and more diligently than many men of half his age. When Parliament is not in session you can always find him at his desk in his home city.

A few days ago I found him in the sanctum, pen in hand, writing an article on the political situation in the Maritime Provinces. He sits erect and as he walks to and from work even a stranger could not fail to observe the pleasant countenance, soldierly bearing, sturdy appearance and sprightly step of the venerable knight. Sir Mackenzie has been a somewhat picturesque figure in Canadian history from the date that he entered the Commons in 1867 as the representative of North Hastings until twenty-five years later he was appointed to the Senate. He was leader of the Conservative forces in the Upper Chamber until two years ago, when he asked to be relieved from the duties. After considerable persistence on his part his wish was granted, and Senator James Loughheed appointed as his successor. With two or three exceptions, Sir Mackenzie Bowell is

the oldest citizen of Canada in public life to-day.

His paper was established as a weekly in 1834. In the year of Confederation it made its initial appearance as a daily—forty-one years ago.

"Yes, my general health is good," remarked the knighted editor after a hearty greeting. "I scarcely know what a day's illness is except for an occasional touch of rheumatism." Placing a hand on his right arm he added, "except for that I could not feel better."

"Do you ever set type now by way of diversion?" was asked.

"Oh, occasionally. I remember while on a Western trip in 1895, during the time that I was Premier, I called at the office of the *Calgary Herald* to see the plant and observe the working of the Mergenthaler type casting machines, that office being the first to install them in the West. We got talking of old times and the art of set galleys. In answer to a bantering inquiry as to whether I had forgotten all about the "art preservative" and my right hand losing its cunning, I picked up a stick and set several lines of brevity. The little incident was written up at considerable length in the columns of the *Herald* under the heading, if I remember correctly, 'Canada's Prime Minister Sets Type in the Herald Office.'

"When Minister of Customs, at the age of 60 years, I rode on horseback from Fort Macleod to the Columbia River, via the Crow's Nest Pass, the route now traversed by the Crow's Nest Pass Railway. I had on a rough suit at the time, and when we arrived at Revelstoke I walked into an office there and asked for work. The proprietor did not recognize me. I told him that I was a tramp printer in search of employment and anxious to get East. He sized me up and said rather regretfully that he had no position vacant, much as he would like to give me a helping hand. I thanked him and left. It was only a few hours after that he ascertained of my visit, and, humping me up, we had a hearty laugh at the episode."

The former Premier has a marvelous memory for incidents of early days. His mental powers are as alert as his physical. "I can remember faces as well as ever," he added, "but, of course, I can not recall names as easily as I could once. I remem-

ber when I had got through serving my time, after being a full fledged journeyman for several years, I resolved to leave the *Intelligencer*. I came down to the office and told Mr. Benjamin of my intentions. He did not want me to go. He said that he was getting old and if I would remain I could take the entire management of the office, pay all the running expenses, and have half of the profits. He said that he would attend to all the editorial work and would not ask me to invest a cent in the business. This I considered a generous proposition, and I was not long in accepting the partnership plan. That evening I went to see my fiancée and told her of the totally unexpected offer that had been made to me by Mr. Benjamin. She was delighted to hear the good news. I declared my prospects were now so promising that I thought we could get married, and the happy event came off a few weeks later. The following year, 1848, in company with my brother-in-law, Rodney Moore, of this city, we bought the business. Three years later I took over the whole thing, and have been identified with the establishment ever since. Since the general elections of 1896, when the change of Administration at Ottawa occurred, I have devoted practically all my time to the business, except when engaged at the Capital, and I have made a pay well. Of course, during the session I am away nearly all the time. The fact that I was absent from the Senate only ten days altogether during a sitting of eight months, and over, will give you some idea of how good my general health is. This is a record to which I naturally refer with some pride."

It is a coincidence somewhat out of the ordinary, that the first proprietor of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, George Benjamin, should have held several public offices, and that Sir Mackenzie should have followed him, not only in the ownership of the newspaper, but in various public capacities in which his predecessor served, with this difference, that his successor went a step or two higher in every sphere of activity. Mr. Benjamin represented North Hastings in Parliament for two terms, passing away in 1896. Sir Mackenzie ran his first contest in the same riding for the Canadian Assembly in 1863, but was unsuccessful. He was elected, however, in 1867, and sat for that constituency until called to the Senate



Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

The Looker-On and the Doer

By Robert Todd

Do not be a Looker-On. Be a Doer.

Nothing in life is accomplished by the man who stands with his hands in his pockets, watching the other fellow work. He is a Looker-On.

The Doer is the fellow who is determined to do things, and to him nothing is impossible. And his efforts are fully appreciated, too. Here is a case that will serve as an illustration:

The advertising manager of a big morning newspaper was recently besieged by a number of young men, who came in answer to his advertisement for an advertising solicitor. He listened patiently to them as they enumerated their qualifications for the position, and one by one he turned them away. Finally a young man entered, and without any preliminary humming and hawing, he said: "I saw your ad. for a solicitor. I have never had any experience, but I am willing to jump in and work."

"Jump in and work." That was what the manager was waiting to hear. "You will do," he said. And the young man was engaged on the spot. He was a Doer.

It is the same in every business. The boss expects to be the Looker-On, and he employs the men to "jump in and work." If they work faithfully, in time they may themselves conduct a business and be the Lookers-On.

And that reminds me. There are two kinds of Lookers-On. One kind you will see gathered in the streets, straining their necks to see the structural workers on the top of a building, or you may see them leaning against the railing watching the men digging a cellar or trench.

The other kind of Looker-On is at the head of every business, and without him commerce would come to a standstill. But, mark you, the latter kind of Looker-On has graduated from the ranks of the Doers.

Young man, you are starting in life. Commence right. Be a Doer, and you may ultimately become a captain of industry, a title that even kings envy.

Just an Error of Judgment

How an Impulsive Act on the Part of a Zealous Insurance Adjuster Led a Jury to Record a Decision Against the Company who Contested Payment of a Policy on the Plea that Arson had Been Committed.

By Elsie Flower in *Pittsburg* and the *Reader* Magazines.

A SOLITARY watchman stood in the doorway of the burned store and looked anxiously up and down the street; he was disgusted and hungry.

"Wonder how long I got to stay here," he growled. "He was goin' to have a man to relieve me by six o'clock, an' nobody's come yet."

Several people stopped and looked curiously at the wreck of the store, and then went on. Presently a tall, gaunt man, rather slow in his movements, approached with a leisurely air.

"Where's Watson?" he asked, after a casual, but sharp, glance at the burned store.

"Search me," growled the watchman. "What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"You don't seem to be feeling well."

"Hungry," said the watchman.

The stranger seemed to find something of interest in this.

"There's a restaurant across the street," he suggested.

"Ain't I had my eye on it ever since daylight?" retorted the watchman. "My time was up at six o'clock, but nobody's come. I can't leave."

"I'll stay here until you come back," said the stranger.

The watchman was tempted. If people broke faith with him, why should he be so particular? Then he sighed.

"Broke," he said.

The stranger fished a dollar from his pocket and tendered it.

"I've got to stay here awhile, anyhow," he explained.

The watchman hesitated.

"I'm sworn in as special police," he ar-

gued to himself, "but that's no reason why I got to lose my breakfast."

Then he took the dollar and crossed the street.

The stranger watched him disappear in the restaurant, and then he entered the burned building. He surveyed the interior with the comprehensive and critical eye of one accustomed to such scenes, and finally his interest seemed to centre on a particular spot.

"That's where it started," he muttered. A moment later he was on his knees investigating some charred rubbish.

"Rags under a counter," he commended.

"The counter would hide the blaze until it was well started and then carry it to the shelves and goods. There were goods on the counter, too."

The counter was badly charred, but not destroyed, so it was easy to see from the blackened remnants that various things had been on top of it. The stranger investigated everything here, even to the point of smelling it. Then he went to what was left of the rags again, and finally put a few in his pocket.

"Coal oil," he said. "Rags saturated with coal oil. I can't be sure of the counter and the things on top of it, but there was probably coal oil there, too. He meant to see that it got a good start."

He went back to the door and waited until the watchman returned. A moment later the watchman was relieved, and shortly afterward Abel Watson, the owner of the store, arrived with his son and a lawyer.

"I am Gifford Oakes, insurance adjuster," said the stranger by way of introducing himself.

"My lawyer, Mr. Halling, and my son,

Joseph," returned Watson, introducing his companions. "I suppose we might as well take up the question of loss at once."

The presence of the lawyer did not impress Oakes favorably. Except in complicated cases, or where there is likely to be a dispute, a lawyer is not deemed necessary to the adjustment of insurance, and it looked as if Watson anticipated trouble.

"I have seen something of the premises," said Oakes significantly, "but I am ready to go over the ground with you."

He watched Watson narrowly as he said this, but the latter hardly seemed to notice the remark.

A regular policeman had taken the place of the special watchman, and he followed them into the building. Oakes went directly to the charred counter and called attention to the charred rags.

"This interested me particularly," he said.

"Why?" asked Watson imperturbably. He certainly had magnificent nerve, but there was an anxious, frightened look in his son's eyes.

"Because," Oakes answered slowly and deliberately, "the fire started in this pile of rags."

"Spontaneous combustion possibly," suggested Watson.

"And the rags had been saturated with coal oil," added Oakes.

"I advise you to say nothing," put in the lawyer. "He's trying to trick you. If he thinks there is anything wrong with this fire, we'll let him show it in court."

"Why should I be silent?" retorted Watson. "That coal oil idea is absurd. There was none in the place."

"There will be time enough to talk," argued the lawyer, "if they dispute our proof of loss when we file it. But I don't think they'll be foolish enough to fight."

"I don't think you'll be foolish enough to swear to any proof of loss," asserted Oakes. "Arson is a pretty serious matter."

This shot seemed to hit the elder Watson as well as the younger, for he hesitated a moment before replying. Still, such an accusation would disturb even an innocent man.

"If you have decided that it is arson," said Watson at last, "there is no use discussing the matter further here."

"None at all," Oakes conceded promptly,

"but I shall want to bring another party here before anything is disturbed."

"The policeman will see that no one enters before you return," said Watson. "The police have been in charge since the fire. But," he added thoughtfully, "there's one thing that puzzles me."

"What?"

"The presence of those rags. They had no business to be there, and I can't imagine how they got there."

"It impressed me," said Oakes, "as being rather a strange place for rags."

"It is," admitted Watson; "I can't understand it at all. I shall try to find out about that myself. It may be incendiaryism, although I had not thought of that before. I can't think of anyone who would wish to injure me."

"And this fire was started on the inside of a locked store," remarked Oakes.

"That's what puzzles me."

"And the owner had recently increased his insurance considerably."

"Your business," commented Watson, without any show of anger, "doubtless has a tendency to make you suspicious. I think you will look at the matter differently later."

Oakes decided that Watson was a man of resourcefulness and exceptional self-control. He had made a slip in not expressing surprise at the presence of the rags in the first place, but he had come back to it cleverly and had made his point. But Oakes had no doubt in his own mind that it was a case of arson and that Watson never would press his claim for the insurance. In view of the discovery of the rags and the traces of coal oil, the risk was too great. Nevertheless, Oakes was not a man to take chances. He went back to the store with a disinterested witness, and made it clear to the latter that there had been rags saturated with coal oil under the counter. He also put such evidence of arson as he had in the way of the proper authorities to start a criminal prosecution. "That will hold his attention for a while," he mused. Besides, it is the policy of fire insurance companies to give all possible assistance in the prosecution of arson charges.

To Decider, his superior, he made a report of some length, predicting that there would be no serious effort to collect the insurance.

"Even if the claim is pressed," he said,

"we shall have no difficulty in fighting it successfully. All the circumstances are suspicious. Watson has been having some financial troubles, and he recently increased his insurance. At the time of the fire he was carrying twenty per cent. more than he ever had deemed it necessary to carry before. With this insurance, he only needed the fire to get him out of his trouble. He brought his lawyer with him, apparently expecting a controversy. There were rags and coal oil where the fire started. I think I have made it clear to him that he has no chance to get anything."

Nevertheless, from a strictly financial point of view, Oakes had done a little too much. Watson, in spite of his bold front, was prepared to abandon his claim, but the arson charge made it impossible to do this safely; it would be almost a confession of guilt, and the police and fire departments were investigating.

"If you can't collect the insurance," his lawyer told him, "you might as well prepare for jail. If you can collect it, you will knock the bottom out of the arson case. You've simply got to go ahead now."

There could be no question as to the soundness of this advice. More than money depended upon collecting the insurance; so Watson filed his proof of loss.

"Nerve!" commented Oakes. "He certainly has magnificent nerve!"

"We'd better see what we can do to strengthen our case," suggested Decider. "I concede that the evidence you already have is pretty strong, but it would help matters if we could show positively that Watson or his son or some employee was in the store after it was supposed to be closed for the night."

"That's what the police are trying to prove," said Oakes.

"And they haven't succeeded," added Decider.

Which was true. There was the evidence of the coal oil and the rags, but no one could be found who had seen any one enter or leave the place after it was closed for the night. Nor could anything of value be learned from either Watson or his son. The latter seemed anxious and worried when he was questioned, but he stuck rigidly to the assertion that he knew nothing of any rags or coal oil, and he would say nothing beyond that. The elder Watson was apparently the personification of

frankness. Never before had he carried as much insurance as his stock warranted, and the very fact that he was in a tight place financially made it important that he should run no risk. It was necessary to increase his insurance in order to protect his creditors in case of fire, and he had done so. The explanation was reasonable. And Watson began suit.

Strangely enough, as the time for the trial approached it became suddenly more aggressive and confident. Thus, under the circumstances, was bewildering. He had begun with a sort of dogged defiance—like a man who is driven into a corner and has to fight. His lawyer had gone so far as to intimate that a compromise would be acceptable. In fact, it was evident in Oakes and Decider that the case had reached a point where the amount of insurance paid was a minor consideration. Watson and his lawyer were not fighting for insurance money, but merely for the moral effect on the arson case. Any payment whatever would be a concession by the insurance company that the fire was an honest one.

This unquestionably was their position at first, but there was a decided change later. Watson lost his worried look and became smilingly confident. His lawyer was almost boastful. The latter served formal notice on the insurance company that all compromise propositions were withdrawn. As his overtures had been in the nature of hints rather than formal propositions, this action was unnecessary; but he explained that he wished to remove the possibility of any misunderstanding. The police had made no progress and were awaiting the outcome of the civil suit. That ought to bring out evidence that could be used in a criminal prosecution later.

"The course these people are pursuing is rather mystifying," Decider told Oakes. "I can't see anything in it but a bluff, but all reports indicate that they are making the bluff an unusually good one. Even young Watson has become cheerful and bold, and we once thought we had reason to believe that he would break down and confess."

"But we have the evidence," argued Oakes. "Of course it will be a jury trial, and juries are usually prejudiced against corporations, but they can't get away from the coal oil and rags."

"And we'll give them a little surprise," added Decider, "just to discourage others

who may be tempted to put us to the trouble and expense of calling a bluff. We'll make a little sensation for the reporters by having Watson and his son arrested in court as soon as the verdict is read. The police have delayed the arrest in the hope of showing a direct connection between them and the saturated rags, but it won't be safe to wait a minute after the verdict in the civil case."

"If it be for us," suggested Oakes. "How can it be anything else?" demanded Declker.

"Give 'em up," answered Oakes.

They were even more sure of their ground when Watson's lawyer made an unexpected and final effort to settle the matter out of court. That certainly was in line with the idea that they were bluffing, although the lawyer's demand was for the full insured value of the goods destroyed.

"To try the case," he said, "will only add to your expense and ours. We have no doubt of the result, but we do not wish to add unnecessarily to the expense."

It was brave talk, but Declker had no doubt that an offer of even a trifling sum in settlement would be promptly accepted. So he made no offer.

"Our legal department," he replied, "encourages us to believe that we have practically no chance to lose. Before we would consider the payment of even a nickel we should like to have the evidence of arson explained away."

"That is precisely what we shall do," said the lawyer calmly.

"How?" demanded Declker.

"It does not seem to us wise to uncover our case before we go into court," replied the lawyer.

"I suppose not," retorted Declker sarcastically. "You merely want me to accept your unsupported statement that there were no rags or coal oil there."

"On the contrary, they were there, and we expect to show how they came to be there. I merely thought I would give you a chance to settle first."

"Did you think we'd do it?" asked Declker.

"No," answered the lawyer, "I didn't think you'd have sense enough, but Watson insisted. The expense of a trial will be considerable."

"Well, we go to trial," announced Declker shortly.

This the lawyer promptly reported to Watson.

"There wasn't more than one chance in a million that I could do anything," he explained, "but it was worth trying for that chance. We don't want to go into court if we can get the money without doing so. I think we can win, but the risk is considerable. Of course, I couldn't uncover our case or they might find a way to checkmate us. It had to be a bluff, but there were two ways that we might gain something: If I secured a settlement, no matter how small, it would kill the arson case; if he considered it a pure bluff, he would consider it evidence of the weakness of our case, and this might lure the company into carelessness in presenting theirs. Success sometimes hinges on trifles."

Meanwhile Declker was wondering whether the lawyer was a fool or an unusually smart man, whether he really expected a compromise or had made his proposition with some ulterior and undiscovered purpose. He was far from being one of the stars of his profession—in fact, this was probably the biggest case he ever had handled. But Declker only knew that he had made a most surprising move, and that he had seemed to be confident and somewhat amused when he went out. Indeed, he had said something about the satisfaction of putting the joke on the company by making an offer that it would regret it had not accepted.

All in all, it was a puzzle. The most searching investigation failed to uncover any evidence that would help Watson, and yet Watson was apparently cheerful when he appeared in court for the trial of the case. He had been closely watched, but there had been nothing to indicate that he even contemplated running away.

"And in his position," commented Oakes, "I think I'd skip if I got a real good chance."

"Perhaps he thinks he will have time enough for that after the civil case is tried," said Declker, "but I rather think we'll fool him."

Yet they still lacked the evidence that would directly connect Watson or any of his employees with the burning of the store. He had the motive, and the store had been deliberately burned. There was no one else who could have any possible reason for setting the place on fire. Even Watson

declared that, so far as he knew, he had no enemy who would do it. All the circumstantial evidence was brought out clearly and forcefully—the increased insurance, the financial complications that threatened disaster, the coal oil and the charred rags. To the surprise of the insurance people, almost no effort was made to minimize the importance of these facts by cross-examination. Watson's lawyer, in presenting his case, was content to rest upon the mere statement that there had been a fire, that the loss was almost total, that the goods scheduled were actually on the premises, and that the cause of the fire was unknown so far as his client was concerned. Watson himself conceded frankly that the insurance money would relieve him of a very great embarrassment and that the fire was really a fortunate thing for him. His frankness with respect to this made a most favorable impression and gave more force to his positive denial that he knew anything about the rags and coal oil.

"But they were found there after the fire, were they not?" he was asked on cross-examination.

"Yes, sir."

"You personally know this to be a fact?"

"I saw the burned rags myself," he replied. "I can swear to that. As for the coal oil, I am not familiar with the various inflammable oils, but there were traces of something of that nature. It may have been kerosene or turpentine or gasoline for all that I know, but others present called it coal oil, and I have no doubt they were right."

"You knew nothing of this until after the fire?"

"Nothing at all. We kept no inflammable oils on the premises, and we had no such pile of rags."

His son testified to the same effect, and so did other employees. The store had been locked when they left for the night, and it was still locked when the firemen arrived. In effect, it was merely Watson's denial as opposed to the positive evidence of the presence of the rags and the oil at the point where the fire started. And Watson naturally would deny any knowledge of the origin of such a fire. The insurance people were confident that no jury would give insurance in the face of this positive evidence that the place was set on fire by someone who had a key at a time when the fire

would be advantageous to the owner. They made this as clear as possible and rested their case.

Then, in rebuttal, Watson's lawyer called Daniel Devine. Oakes did not recognize the name, but he recognized the man, and it recalled an incident that he had almost forgotten. Devine was the special policeman who was on duty when he arrived to investigate the fire. After bringing out the fact that the policeman had been detailed to watch the burned store, the lawyer asked:

"Did you leave your post at all before you were relieved?"

"Yes, sir," answered Devine.

"How did you come to leave?"

"This man," indicating Oakes, "gave me a dollar to get something to eat when he came there in the morning."

"Got you out of the way, did he?"

"Well, I didn't think of it that way then. I hadn't been relieved, I was hungry, and he said he would keep watch while I was gone."

"Did you see what he did?"

"I saw him go into the store."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did he stay?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes. I was in a restaurant across the street, but I could see the doorway."

"He was there long enough to dump some charred rags under the counter and sprinkle a little coal oil about, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," said the lawyer triumphantly.

Watson looked over at Oakes and laughed. Oakes gave Declker an apologetic glance.

"It was a fool thing to do," whispered Oakes, "but the man himself suggested that he was hungry, and it looked like a good chance for a little quiet investigation. I must have been crazy."

"I think so," returned Declker, and Oakes was too humiliated by his error of judgment to resent it. "But," added Declker, "no man is infallible."

"It was done on impulse," explained Oakes.

"It has killed this case," said Declker. "The average juror is always suspicious of a corporation."

The jury were out less than fifteen minutes. They were of the opinion that an in-

insurance company is always looking for the best of it, regardless of means employed, and that an adjuster would not hesitate to resort to trickery in order to improve his record by saving his company money.

"And now," said Deckler, rather bitterly, when the verdict had been read, "will you kindly slip out into the corridor and tell the deputy out there that you made a consummate ass of yourself and we don't want the warrant served on Watson? Then," added Deckler generously, "we will forget about

this case so far as our personal intercourse is concerned."

Oakes gave Deckler a grateful glance. He would not forget it, but he would be glad not to have it mentioned.

Watson and his lawyer passed while Oakes was explaining to the deputy sheriff. Watson laughed again, and the lawyer suggested that the company ought to have compromised the case when it had a chance to do so.

Oakes did not trust himself to speak.

What the Postal Service Means to Business

There is no One Branch in Canada so Important, yet Its Services are Ill Required for Their Labors—The System of Promotion Should be Followed on the Same Principle that Banks and Other Corporations Adopt.

By IRE SHOOTER.

THERE is no longer room for doubt that the country generally is taking its postal service and its postmasters more seriously than it did a few years ago. There is a better appreciation of the value of good service. But it is also evident that not yet does the country take the service and the postmasters as seriously as the importance of the work demands. If it did the Civil Service Bill would just about stop where it is useful it made some provision for certain classes of postmasters.

There is confusion in the public mind, many people not knowing but what the postmasters are a part of the Civil Service. There is indifference in the public mind because some people do not appreciate good service, do not realize that they need it, and others think that all is done that should be done to encourage the postmaster to do his work. For both the indifference and the confusion of mind the postmaster is measurably responsible. In many cases his non-conception of his responsibilities and his rights is weak and faulty. In many other cases it is of the high type which, with as much encouragement as might well be afforded him, would spell out the very best possible sort of service.

Much newspaper space is devoted to discussion of what it is wise to do with, and for, the civil service. Much time of Parliament is taken up with it and our legislators are taxing their brains as to what will be fully fair to the service and encourage it so as to do the best for the country. No one branch of public service means so much to the business of the country as our postal service. But there is nothing to encourage skill, accuracy, or the exercise of brain in the postal service,

so far as the commission postmaster is concerned. There is no possible advancement for him unless his community develop. And in past years the effect of such development has been killed, so far as his returns go by the reduction in postal rates. There is no promotion for him. There is no other increase for him; there is no superannuation for him; there is no retiring allowance for him; there is no holiday season for him. It is all a long day, long year, year after year with him, his only hope in preferment resting in the progress of his community, a problem of which he is necessarily only a small factor. He works early and late, risks his health, wears his patience, acquires experience, only to go the same round for the same money. The money may vary, but if it increases more help is required. There may be a special increase granted by a considerate chief to offset some of the many reductions, but it never goes so far as to touch the increased cost of living. We are not saying but what the present Postmaster-General is the most considerate that has been. When the public mind is ripe and the public's representatives are seized of this he will do more.

It is now time to speak of the remedy. Unquestionably as far as possible the postmaster should be divorced from other businesses, callings and pursuits. It is my personal opinion that as soon as an office is of sufficient importance to be made a money order office the postmaster should be given a certain minimum salary. As soon as that office got large enough to command a salary at all reasonable, it should be kept separate from all other business. The postmaster should be expected to know his work thoroughly. It should be from the

A FEW THOUGHTS

It is the mind that makes the man.—Ovid.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—Eliot.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.—DeLamare.

None can be called deformed but the unkind.—Shakespeare.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.—Disraeli.

An ounce of convention is worth a pound of explanation.—Mizner.

The way to conquer the foreign artist is, not to kill him, but to beat his work.—Emerson.

Men astonish themselves far more than they astonish their friends.—John Oliver Hobbes.

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present: "I am rising to a man's work."—Marcus Aurelius.

No delusion is greater than the notion that method and industry can make up for lack of mother-wit, either in science or in practical life.—Huxley.

Friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
—Dryden.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.
—Balzac Lytton.

lowest grade of these offices that postmasters be taken for the grade next higher and so on. As soon as a postmaster begins to devote his full time to the work he should feel that larger duties, heavier responsibilities, and greater pay are not far distant if he does his work well. A postmaster who has been efficient in a village of 500 people is a better man for the office in a town of 1,000 than is a man strange to the work. When he has proven his ability in the town of 1,000 there is the town of 1,500 or 2,000. Away at the end of the blue line is the inspection or the postmastership of a city.

Many postmasters do well from a mere sense of duty, others are susceptible to the promptings of self interest. Self interest adds zest even where duty prompts, and we believe the promotion idea would bear

excellent fruit. That the country has not demanded this is evidence that the country does not take its postal service quite seriously enough. Banks and other corporations having agents adopted the principle long ago.

An arrangement providing for such promotion would put the post office work into the hands of those who wanted to do post office work. They would study the business in all its bearings. They would be careful of their records, etc. The service needs arrangement and the real postmaster needs it. We would have something of the sort if the public really understood what good postal service means.

The postmaster can help to bring it about. It will add dignity to their position and in the end cash to their exchequer.

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS

The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.

God helps them that help themselves.—Franklin.

Half the evils of the world come from inaccuracy.—Hephs.

The best history has to give us is the enthusiasm it arouses.—Goethe.

Nothing reassures men so much as common-sense and plain dealing.—Emerson.

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.—George Eliot.

Women ought to be studied like the weather; both afford a life-long interest to careful observers.—Lyndon.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleness of a lady.—Huxley.

The Young Man as a Factor in National Life

Should be Given as Much Support and Encouragement by the State as is a Western Farmer.—If the Door of Higher Education was Opened More Freely the Youth Could Make use of the Greater Knowledge Acquired in Enhancing the Well-being, Progress and Prosperity of the Community.

By John Hunter, M.D.

IT is quite as true in the psychic, or mental sphere, as it is in the physical, that a great many mental acts, like physical ones, are performed automatically. We talk about persons, or events, with just about as little conscious effort as we exercise in taking one step after another in walking. The little "bots" leave home in the morning, as a matter of course, because their parents "have started them to school." When the bell rings, there is a little flurry and hustle—caps and books are seized, a rush made for the street, quickly followed by a wave of the hand, a shout, or a whistle, if a companion is in hailing distance. The father is away at his vocation, and the mother, after adjusting what the children have left in disorder, goes on with her household duties. Neither parents, nor children are conscious of the part these school days are playing in life's drama. Children have been going to school from time immemorial, so that generation follows generation, practically unconscious of the fact that school life constitutes one of the most important epochs in the "brief span" of our earthly existence.

When children grow into boyhood and girlhood—the stage of adolescence—the sub-conscious gradually merges into conscious mental activity. A purport in life begins to loom up before the youth. At home, too, father and mother have begun to talk over matters. What had better be done for John is becoming an interesting problem. The "bent" of the son for some special vocation; and the parental wisdom and experience generally settle the question. The boy is now approaching, or has reached, the close of public school life.

Up to this period, the State has tacitly performed something of the function of a silent partner. It has provided the necessary school buildings, paid teachers' salaries, and, in many cases, furnished free text-books and supplies, paper, pencils, etc., out of funds levied as taxes. Beyond demanding compulsory attendance at school, the state leaves the care of its young citizens to the parental instincts, fortified by knowledge, experience, and affection. Hitherto school life has been placidly passing along under the guidance of teachers and parents, but the time is now approaching when the choice of a new course becomes imperative. The student, either bids farewell to school life and enters upon some vocation—agricultural, industrial, commercial, or begins on what is known as a secondary, or academic course of education. It is with the latter that the question comes up as to the importance of "The Young Man as a Factor in National Life."

It is on the threshold of the high school, collegiate institute or college course, that students come in contact with the authority of the State. They are told that they must pay the "entrance examination" fee, and tuition fees—increasing in amount—are exacted throughout the whole course. Recently an item was printed in the public press to the effect that the governors of the University were considering the proposition of increasing the fees in some of the departments. Even the suggestion of such an act was met with strong disapproval from many sources.

Now the question of (1) raising the fees; (2) retaining the present rates, or (3) total abolition of all tuition fees, can only be

equitably adjusted when the student is assigned his proper status in national life. Is the young man a segment in the circle of habitual life or only "a fly on the wheels"? If only the latter, he should be charged tuition fees—for the ride he is getting.

We have to go back, only a few decades, even if we have to go back at all, to find this idea held very prevalent, viz., that an academic education was specially designed for the purpose of enabling those who obtained it to get above, and away from hard manual labor. How many of the older graduates left home inspired by the parental injunction, "Get an education so that you won't have to slave away on the farm, or in the workshop." This delusion was a hydra-headed one. It assumed either that knowledge is like a person's clothing, or the contents of his dinner pail; reserved for individual use only, or that the nation can be progressive, and prosperous, quite independently of any help that can be rendered by members of the so-called "learned professions." The absurdity of the first delusion is apparent from the fact that knowledge is as diffusible as the sunshine. The intelligent conversation, the cultured speech, the instructive book—all alike exert a widespread, beneficent influence.

That the second delusion is also unfounded is proven from all history and experience. Without the special knowledge of the clergyman, teacher, or author, society would be "groping in darkness" in regard to many of the greatest problems in life. Without an intelligent exposition, and enforcement of the principles of justice, honor and integrity, neither life, nor property would be safe. Without the knowledge and enactment of sanitary measures the race would be decimated ever and anon by plagues produced by communicable diseases. The most casual reflection on the complex interests involved in a high state of civilization is quite sufficient to establish the fact, of an imperative need for technical knowledge far beyond what it would be possible to impart in our public school system.

The modern farmer has a very different problem to solve than his ancestors had. In their time the soil was fertile, and would grow abundant crops. Now it is impoverished and entirely new methods have to be adopted to make farming remunerative in

the older districts. The "output" of the factory half a century ago consisted of a few simple implements, and these were purchased in the immediate neighborhood. The large, modern plant has to manufacture, not only the most complicated machinery, but has to seek markets in the "utmostmost parts of the earth." The "general store" on the street corner has been transformed into the great departmental emporium, with its legions of employees. It is very evident that the old delusions about the purport of an academic training is no longer tenable. In our complex civilization the college youth is a vital segment in the circle of national life. Not only the progress and prosperity of the nation, but its very existence is just as dependent on the exercise of the technical knowledge he acquires in college and university as it is on manual labor, on the skill of the artisan, or on the acumen of the business man.

If these statements be incontrovertibly true, is it not the imperative duty of the State to recognize its obligations to the students? It grants free homesteads to the pioneers who will go and improve these lands, and make them valuable. It impoverishes its treasury in subsidizing railroads to enable the farmer to get his produce to the best market. It promptly assumes the obligations of providing facilities for public school education, and the preservation of law and order in new districts. It has also been quite customary—until recently, at any rate—for the municipality either to give a free site for the factory or some special inducement by way of tax exemption. In other words, the State or municipality by the free grant of land, or site, comes to the assistance of the farmer, or the manufacturer, and places within his reach the means whereby he can not only earn a livelihood, but become rich. This is done by the State or municipality, on the assumption that this outlay will be far more than compensated for by the benefits to be derived from the labors of the farmer and the manufacturer. On the whole, results have been quite satisfactory. The progress and prosperity of both State and municipalities, have been enormous, enhanced by the increased production of grain and of manufactured goods.

Now what are the State and municipalities doing for the students who wish to take an academic course? The answer is,

"look at our high schools, collegiate institutes, colleges, and stately universities." "Have not these been built and are they not maintained at public expense?" But like the land and the factory site they are valueless until energetic, intelligent young men occupy them and take the knowledge acquired in them, and make it of service in enhancing the well-being, progress and prosperity of the community, and of the State. Now, as a citizen, and in common with every other citizen, the student bears his legitimate share of the burden of general taxation, but should he be compelled to pay an extra or special tax by way of tuition fees, in order that he may acquire knowledge, the use of which is of vital importance to the well-being, progress and prosperity of the community, and of the State?

Does not the assumption by the State that it is doing its whole duty to the students, while it is extorting these tuition fees from them, recall an incident in a recent Sunday school lesson. Saul was ordered to destroy the Amalekites, and all their substance. When he met Samuel he said, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." Samuel said, "What meaneth then the bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" Saul said, "The people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God." Was not Saul's excuse a miserable subterfuge for his own, and his people's avarice? Would not our students be quite justified in saying that all the excuses—for no reasons can be advanced—put forward for extorting tuition fees are but miserable subterfuges for the avarice of the municipalities and of the State? They would be perfectly justified in doing so were it not for the fact that the public, through ignorance, rather than from avarice, allow these fees to be extorted

from the students. Teachers, professors, legislators and the press have all alike failed in not educating the public on the vital importance of secondary, or academic education to the welfare, progress and prosperity of the community and of the State.

Let the public become fully cognizant of the fact that our students' corps are the recruiting grounds from which the State selects men and officers for many of the most important positions in life, that by a little more generosity from the State many of these recruits could come into service far more efficiently equipped for the discharge of their duties, and our legislators will soon be told, not only to abolish all tuition fees, but to place in the hands of every student free text-books and supplies. As these text-books would remain the property of the State they would answer many generations of students and the cost would be but trifling.

In conclusion, as there is so much in common between student and pioneer life, justice demands like treatment. Student and pioneer live on hope—not present, but future reward is the talisman of both. Isolation, self-denial, untiring industry, is their common lot. Why should the State treat them differently? All the State asks of the pioneer for its free grant of land to him is that he improve his opportunities and bear his portion of the common burden of taxation. The student, by his help in the home, and in his board bill at college, is paying his share of the common taxes, but unlike the pioneer who has the free use of the homestead, the student, in tuition fees, has to pay a special tax when he wishes to improve the opportunity the State's educational institutions provide for the secondary, or academic course. Is the State dealing fairly, or impartially with the student population?



The Existence of National Sensitiveness

Is a Cheering Sign that Civilization has Advanced and That the World is Growing Better—A Fuller Understanding Between the Races Exists, While There has Been a Decided Growth in Dignity and Mutual Respect.

By Will Scarlett as Overlaid Monthly Magazine.

I DON'T know why the old-style vander-ville was called a "variety" show, for the truth is, there was no variety about it. The same old dancing and singing, the same old horse-play and slap-stick comedy—much of it excellent in its way—came every week. And most monotonously of all came the Hebrew impersonator, who wore an old-style Derby down over his ears and walked on his heels; the stage Irishman with a florid complexion and often with green Galunays, the dulle Englishman with an absurd monocle and an accent that never was on sea or land, and the man from over the Rhine, with a chest where other people wear their waists and a marked proclivity for Teutonic consonants.

An audience of to-day would not tolerate for ten consecutive seconds the old-style national character impersonations. It is rare, indeed, to find a vander-ville actor nowadays possessed of sufficient nerve to essay a portrayal of the stage Irishman; and, in any case, he dare not don whiskers of emerald hue or allude to household pets of the porcine variety, or trill overmuch that fascinating Celtic "r." The Yiddish comedian we still have with us, but he is fast losing popular favor, and has refrained for ever so long from making allusions to bankrupt sales and infants who have swallowed nickels. "Bah, Jove!" and "dum-cherknow" are not to-day in the vocabulary of the stage Englishmen for good and sufficient reasons. Likewise, the German comedian—whom we dare no longer designate as "Dutch"—must have taken a correspondence course in physical culture, for his erstwhile punch is very considerably reduced.

These things are significant. They illustrate the fact that during the last two-score years national sensitiveness has been gaining ground. The stage Irishman and the stage "Dutchman" and the rest were, of course, gross caricatures; but once they were tolerated, even enjoyed. To-day they are hissed and booed and greeted with stale eggs. "Our sacred nation" has become a holy thing indeed. Neither in magazine skits, nor in stories, nor on the stage, are national caricatures suffered to exist without vigorous and effectual protest. Plainly, we don't want that sort of thing any more.

And why don't we? One reason is, that the members of the various races have attained a higher standing in American life. When, for instance, did the odious stage Irishman reach the height of his celebrity? It was at a time when the men of the Irish race were as a class engaged in menial occupations, when Mr. Murphy worked on the railroad with pick and shovel, and Mr. Brady wielded the janitor's broom. To-day, you find Irishmen working on the railroad—but not with pick and shovel; and if you ask the average janitor what time it is, you are not likely to hear him answer in the rich and classic brogue. On the contrary, Irish names and Irish faces are seen to-day in places of honor and responsibility, which they have reached through the operations of the eternal law of the survival of the fittest. If this doesn't go far to explain the passing of the stage Irishman it would be interesting to know what does.

Another reason for the national sensitiveness that exists here and now may

be found in the better understanding between the various races, an understanding that is here and here to stay. The "shtetn" caricature we do not tolerate, because we are in a position to see how untrue and unjust a thing it is. We know now what we didn't know once—that the Jews, while being splendid business men, are not close-fisted, small-souled, potato-hearted gougers. We have rubbed shoulders with Mr. Goldstein, have eaten his bread and salt and drunk of his wine—which he always seemed reasonably happy to pay for—and we have learned that he doesn't walk on his heels and doesn't wear a hat many sizes too large and doesn't gesticulate with his hands at right angles to his forearms. So we do not favor any more the wretched Hebrew monologue.

Similarly, even in the face of all our hereditary doubts and traditional prejudices, we have found the German a thoroughly decent fellow. He lives next door and we are in a position to know whereof we speak. What opened the door to our conversation was the fact that the man from over the Rhine minds his own business—a delightful trait which, somehow, the "variety" comedian had never given him credit for. Then the scales fell from our sadly sophisticated eyes, and we beheld in Hans a hard-working, clean-living, conscientious and otherwise desirable human being who got solace and maybe inspiration from that long-stemmed pipe and huge stein, but who was rarely lauded before the police judge for disorderly conduct. So went down another manikin.

Our new and growing attitude to Hans and Mr. Goldstein—springing largely

from our better knowledge of the gentleman—has had its effect on them. To use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, they have our moral support. This means something; but the fact that they know they have it means more. When they air their national sensitiveness they need have no fear of our smiles or jeers; they know that our sympathies are with them, and accordingly, when occasion arises, they are not afraid to protest often and protest loud. National sensitiveness thrives most when it is nursed and petted, and to-day we are coddling it in a way and to an extent hitherto unknown.

And this coddling process is an augury that makes the optimist rejoice. It is as a finger-post wherein is writ large that he who runs may read, "The best is yet to come." The world, after all, is not a bad sort of world. At any rate, it is surely becoming a better world—a truism which the very existence of national sensitiveness amply proves. For national sensitiveness could not exist were it not sanctioned, at least tacitly; and it would not be sanctioned—tacitly or otherwise—were not men good-natured and forbearing and kind.

National sensitiveness, then, is not a thing to be deplored. In the first place, deploring it wouldn't do any good. But, besides that, the existence of national sensitiveness is a cheering sign that civilization has advanced—and is advancing. In the millennium, indeed, it might be out of place; but the millennium is not yet. Let us be contented, if not satisfied, with the portents that flash in our sunlit skies assuring us that even better things are on the way.



Foreign Parasites and Their Prey

How Rogues, Tricksters and Swindlers Innumerable Make Depos of Multi-Millions and the Newly Rich While Abroad by Selling Them Alleged Heirlooms and Works of the Old Masters at Fabulous Figures—Many Ingenious Ways of Separating Visitors From Their Cash.

By Vance Thompson in the Broadway Magazine.

OF all men the American is the most guileless. On his own ground he is master of himself and of his possessions. Indeed he is fearsome and predatory. But once abroad in the world strangers may do as they will with him. Red-shirted mountaineers sell him gold mines; farmers jockey him in horse trades; French noblemen marry his daughters out of hand; and the rogues of the world, great and small, play with him as little children play with a lamb tied up in ribbons.

You would not fancy—no one who had met him would fancy—that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was in any sense of the word guileless. It is not the general impression. And yet innumerable rogues, tricksters, swindlers, forgers of one sort and another teach their children to bless the name of Morgan slightly before being tucked into their beds. And other American millionaires. One and all they have paid tribute to the rogues of the Old World. It is not that our rogues are better than yours; but the American money-getter goes outside of his legitimate business when he meets in the way of trade the suave dealer in spurious antiques or forged paintings. When Mr. Morgan goes forth to buy wonderful brodered tapestries of Spain—¹once the property of the Bourbons—he invites disaster. Those estates in Spain (where the tapestries come from) are too far away from Wall Street. And it is a rule, innumerable and melancholy, that the New Yorker, or, for that matter, any astute American, is wise in the ways of men only so long as you keep him corralled against his kind on that island, river-girt, triangular, and imperial. When he fares abroad he is clad in guilelessness as in a garment; and therefore the rogues thrive.

One might tell many tales of mighty men who have been thrown—like a woman in an ant-hill—to the rogues of Paris. Perhaps it wouldn't be quite fair. They paid ransom to oblivion. And yet Paris fairly swarms with sophisticated folk—with deadly criminals—who live on the fear and folly of those who have walked unscathed in Broadway for half a lifetime. How shall you know them? That were hard to say. I think, at the moment, of a rogue who has made many victims. He lives in one of the fashionable hotels. He has a wife. He once had respectable kin. He is a forthcoming, accessible, and courteous man. You would not hesitate to dine with him. Why should you? And yet this man is lean and dangerous as the guillotine. Robbery is his pastime; some day he will add murder to it—and then we shall see him no more. In the meantime he has half devoured more than one innocent little wolf from Wall Street. He is a solitary, this rogue, he works alone—and single-handed the other night (a revolver in the single hand) he took from a Middle West publisher more than that good man dreamed of spending in many years. One may beat a lone rogue or run away from him. The "gangs" are deadlier.

At this hour there are probably twenty bands of "confidence" men in Paris. They are made up of Americans, Canadians, Australians, Englishmen. Well dressed, amiable, good talkers, they haunt the best hotels, the theatres, and the American bars. Usually they know some one that you know, for they are well traveled and have seen the world. Of course their methods vary. The "game" most popular at present was invented about fifteen years ago by a thief known as "Glass-Eye Alfred."

He made over two hundred thousand dollars out of it in ten years or so; then he went to prison for a short term. He will be out this summer, and though he is seventy-two years old, he will find plenty of work in his curious trade.

This is "Glass-Eye Alfred's" trick:

You are a man of wealth and (being an American) of innocence; in your hotel or in a theatre you meet a chatty man from home. While you are hobnobbing with him a third larron comes carelessly up and is introduced. At dinner—for of course you dine—the newcomer confesses that he is a man of wealth; also his uncle has just died leaving him a fortune of which a certain portion—say twenty thousand dollars—is to be distributed to the poor. Doubtless, too, he will add that he is on his way to Rome in order to give some of the money to the Pope. Need I tell you what happens? He asks you to distribute part of the money in gifts to the deserving poor of your acquaintance. But are you a man to be trusted? As a test of confidence you are asked to hand over a few thousands to the elderly man from home, who first made your acquaintance.

Too simple, you say?

Too simple by far if you are sitting in a Broadway cafe, with the noise of that thunderous thoroughfare, in your ears. 'Tis a different thing in Paris. You would be wholly convinced of it could I mention the names of some of the men who have fallen into the trap. One victim, who made no concealment of the matter, was Mr. James Riee, of Columbus, Ohio. The buccanniers got from him \$5,000, his diamond ring, his watch and chain. One of the swindlers was caught and convicted. Usually the victim prefers to say nothing and pocket his loss. There was a man from South Africa who lost \$50,000 in this wicked game of Glass-Eye Alfred's devising.

He was a stranger and they took him in. Thieves, swindlers, buffies with revolvers—even the ingenious Broadwayfarer may escape them; but there is a fearsome personage. You have met him in Naples; a parasophagian rogue. He has whispered you of a marvelous little statuette in Terre-culte of Tanagra—a Drunken Silenus, a Young Girl Mastering a Bull—and only \$500.

And you bought it; it stands in your cabinet to-day; you could have had it at the

Napoleonic shop round the corner for precisely \$120, neither more nor less. It is at Naples, too, that one buys the amphoras, the Etruscan vases with Homeric paintings; forgeries all; and forgeries so clever that both the Louvre and the Berlin museums have exhibited them as veritable antiques. Only a few years ago the Baron Edmond de Rothschild bought \$50,000 worth of these Neapolitan trinkets, which had been "dug up at the foot of Mount Vesuvius"—if you please. It is no wonder that the less-tutored American is victimized. And it is my business here to point out the commonest rogeries of this sort; a serviceable business I aver; for in these days everyone comes to Europe and everyone "collects"—if it be only postage stamps or hotel labels.

Apologies: you have seen the home-coming suitcase spangled with labels of various great hotels from Petersburg to Palermo; it's a ten-to-one shot even these labels were false—you may buy them by the score in London; they are even given away with the popular English magazines. A deceptive world!

There is a tremendous trade these days in armor. He is indeed a poor millionaire who has not taken home the metal fighting shell of a Crusader; now it is exactly true that there is not one genuine suit of mail in the United States. There are two in the Metropolitan Museum of New York (so rich in fraudulent works of art) and both of them are false. Their history is interesting. One was made by the elder Randauc out of a few ancient scraps of armor, while the other was vaunted up out of a few fragments of the famous suit of armor once in possession of Sir Horace Walpole which was rescued from the fire and bought for a few dollars. It was Zenspit who tinkered up this thing of lead and white metal at which you have so often reverently stared. Some day I shall write the romance of these venerable frauds.

Do you remember the "Luther autographs" discovered a few years ago? Many of them crossed the Atlantic to keep company with the "Dickens manuscripts," the letters of Madame de Pompadour, of Louis XVI, of Lafayette, of Byron and Walter Scott. Germany is the headquarters of this sort of fraud, but they do them very well in Paris, too. Photographic processes have brought the "historic, authentic autograph

letter" of any celebrity you please within the means of the humblest traveler.

Of old the antiquary lay in wait for you in a dingy shop—shallow and malodorous, as was like a hawk's nest filled with bones and feathers and strips of fur and skin; you entered definitely or not at all. The time has changed all that. Now you and I glide in our eight-cylindered cars along the white roads of France, dining at quaint inns, loitering in country places. And that reminds me of a Normandy inn I know; it is by a pleasant river. Under its ancient rafters of smoky oak a half-dozen centuries have reviled, drinking deep. To-day the motorists stop there. In the dining room there was a wonderful bronze clock, ancient, superb. I admired it from afar, it might have been real. Three American ladies, whose car was purring outside the window, were enraptured. I heard them bargaining for it. The indignant proprietor refused all their offers: it was an heirloom; it had stood there since his great-grandfather's day; it had been given by a queen to her chief cook—his ancestor; he would never part with it. Oh, shameless man, he sold it for Yankee gold and bank notes! The proud women took it away in their car. Two days later, homing toward Paris, I dined again in the Normandy inn. And there stood the clock or his brother! Once more I saw it sold, the clock the queen had given to her cook in the long ago. And I am quite sure another one was brought down from the Paris warehouse the next day. It was an imitation worth \$20; it had been sold for \$200. You see, the antiquary has extended his web. Even the peasant aids him. The old china you buy in the wayside hameau from the honest dame who had it from her great-aunt, is false like all the rest. And the miniatures in dusty, tarnished frames? And the "portraits" of Joan of Arc? It were hard to say how much of this rubbish has gone overseas in the cabin trunks of trusting Americans. We are a simple folk.

Especially when we are millionaires. Surely you remember the eminent book lover who bought the "letter of Columbus"—the famous letter written by Columbus to announce the discovery of America to the Catholic kings—for the modest sum of \$4,500; later it was in his destiny to learn that the letter was a photograph worth about \$250. Simple folk.

Years ago in a London hotel I met a little Frenchman; he was urgent, persuasive, and fat; in his buttonhole shone the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and he took me up to his rooms in the hotel and offered to sell me the Rembrandt of Pecc. I often think of that little rogue. He found an American to purchase that forgery for \$15,000. And the American who bought it was the predecessor of hundreds and thousands of his countrymen who have been gulled in the same way. The American who travels now buys pictures, Coral souvenirs have ceased to satisfy him. And whether he buys "ancient paintings"—"smuggled out of Italy"—or modern works of art he is cheated ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

The tricks of the picture dealer? They are not to be counted. Here is one which was played quite recently. A dealer ordered from a poor devil of an artist a tavern scene in the old Dutch style, signed in the corner with a facsimile of Jan Steen's signature. When the smoky look of age had been given it, the dealer eyed it with approval.

"Splendid!" he said to the needy artist; "it's a pity you shouldn't have the credit of it—pray sign it with your own name. It may make your reputation."

The poor devil, delighted, painted over the signature of Jan Steen and set his own name there. Three weeks later the picture started for New York, consigned to a Fifth Avenue merchant of paintings. But by the same boat went an anonymous letter to the custom-house officials warning them that an attempt was being made to smuggle in a chef-d'œuvre of the Dutch school, worth \$50,000. The picture was seized. Experts were called in. The scraped off the signature of the poor devil of an artist and found underneath that of Jan Steen. The importer had to pay a fine of fifty per cent.—that is, \$20,000; and, in addition, \$8,000 duty. Three days later, however, he sold his Jan Steen (guaranteed by the United States Government) for the round sum of \$50,000; thus he made a fair profit, for the original cost of the painting was \$14—seventy francs paid to the poor devil of an artist.

There is a greater trade in the good school of 1830. The Atlantic liners carry over sales of Corots. False Bouguereaux grow by every steamer. It is a business like any other. There are factories in Mont-

martre and Montparnasse. I can take you—though I dare say you will go without taking—to a dozen places in Paris where you can buy, say, a false Daubigny for forty or fifty dollars. Were it authentic it would be worth \$20,000 easily; and that is the price the artless millionaire will pay for it. Such pictures are painted by struggling art students at forty cents an hour. New York is full of their work. The false Van Gorns are made in Germany; a factory turns them out by the hundred and has received for them over three hundred thousand dollars from the American sales alone. I know of one that was sold in New York for \$850; its value was—at a liberal estimate for frame and canvas—\$850.

No; all is not well with the moneyed American whose tastes are fashionably artistic; pitfalls beset his path and rogues lie in wait for him. Nor do I see how he is to be saved. Old Europe is like the woman in the tower; ceaselessly she queries:

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see them coming?"

"I see a white cloud of dust on the highway, sister."

"Joy, sister, they are coming!"

Now they are the Americans in motor cars, or, it may be, afoot.

For verily, ancient and ghoul-like Europe lives upon those who come to her from overseas. Think of Paris alone. Every day of the year 6,000 visitors are registered in her hotels. Last year over fifty thousand Americans came hither, spent their money, went their ways. And ever as they went they walked among pitfalls.

There are, to be sure, guides.

They are admirable in their way; unwearied and imperturbable, they conduct the long files of awe-struck English from the Louvre to the Pantheon, from Notre Dame to Pere la Chaise. There is not a word to be said against them. It is the other kind of "guide and interpreter" who is more dangerous than Glass-Eye Alfred himself. He hangs about the door of your hotel, he waylays you on the boulevards, with his smirk and his "Want a guide to-day, sir?" Or he comes upon you out of the darkness as you are strolling softly home. He has a waxed moustache; his face is the color of wet plaster; and there is a leer in his eye. The unjust laws of France

do not permit you to beat him about the ears, without paying a heavy fine; but even that is cheaper (and more reputable) than seeing Paris in his company. He will lead you into places you should not visit; then he will blackmail you—if you have reputation to lose—for having visited them. In any case he will leave you lighter of pocket and heavier of heart.

There is an element of the miraculous in the safety with which the Americans, from many cities and villages, walk the mined pavements of Paris, losing at most a little money, an occasional reputation. It might be so much worse. Shaven aristocrats, sham "friends from home," adventurers and adventuresses de haut parage come from all the capitals of Europe to ambush them at every corner, Roguish tradespeople live but to rob them. Even the foxey peasant has his share. But one thing is true: Unless the wayfarer, greed-bitten or folly-loose, collaborates with the rogue, nothing very serious can happen to him.

Many a time I have awakened in the night to wonder over the adventure—was it adventure—of the man who came to Paris with a pretty bride. He was a Princeton man, by the way, and that fact may recall to your mind the tragic story. He had lived in Paris a number of years. For his wife he had proposed a home in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. A few days after their arrival they were sitting there in pleasant society, American and French. A letter was put into his hands. He read it with perceptible trouble of mind.

The carriage was ordered. He bade the coachman drive to Saint Denis. There he dismissed him, telling him to go home. That was all. The next day his wife went to the police. The third day a garde-chasse in the forest of Fontainebleau discovered the body of a dead man under a heap of leaves. It was that of the young bridegroom; there were three balls in the back of his head—and neither his money nor his jewelry had been taken.

I do not explain it; it never was explained; and with all its mystery it may stand for the eternal symbol of what waits—just round the corner—for every traveler in a strange land. For neither you nor I know what may happen when we receive a letter and, ringing the bell, order out the carriage.

New Thought Creates New Life

Nothing Else Will so Exhaust the Vitality or Whittle Away Life as Violent Fits of Hatred, Bitter Jealousy, or a Determination for Revenge—How the Law of Suggestion Works and the Influence That Comes From the Exercise of Refined and Uplifting Thought and Sentiment.

By ORRIS SWETT MARDEN in Success Magazine

A CHAMPION prize-fighter says that he does not train for his contests. "The weight question," he declares, "is the least of my troubles. I can make one hundred and thirty-three pounds with ease, and while it is not generally known to the public, I will get down to this weight by thinking about making it. I get rid of flesh by always keeping in mind that I must make the weight. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get down to the notch. The articles leave nothing for me to do but to be as weight, and I will continue to keep this in mind."

As will be seen later in this article, the famous experiments of Professor Anderson, of Yale University, prove that the strength of muscles can be increased immensely by mental action alone, without any physical exercise whatever.

We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A. B. C. of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force. The prophet, the poet, the sage, from earliest times have felt and recognized it.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing power of your mind," Paul admonished the Romans. "Tis the mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "What we commonly call man," writes Emerson, "the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would be let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend."

To-day even the prize-fighter, the uneducated, as well as the educated, the man who lives on the animal plane even as the man who lives on the spiritual plane, in fact, all sorts of people, are beginning to see that there is some tremendous force back of the flesh which they do not understand. The rapid growth of the metaphysical movement shows how actively this idea of man's hidden power is working in the minds of all classes.

As early as 1838, many years before anybody else thought of doing so, Professor Moses G. Farmer, inventor and scientist, lighted his residence in Salem, Massachusetts, by electricity. Others in different countries used the same mysterious force, without knowing just what it was. The magnet was used in a great variety of ways, and probably those who first utilized it thought they had each discovered a different principle. Yet all these little systems were only the manifestations of one mighty electrical force, which is destined to emancipate man from most of the drudgery of life, and to enter to his comfort and convenience in innumerable ways.

So the various manifestations of what, for the want of a more expressive term, we may call the New Thought, appearing in one place under the name of Christian Science, in another as Metaphysical Healing, in another as Mind Science, Mental Medicine, etc., are all indications of, and point toward, one mighty, divine principle, which is destined to revolutionize our civilization.

The old is always an enemy of the new. Conservatism, prejudice, long entrenched habits and ideas, can not tolerate change. Yet, notwithstanding that this whole meta-

physical movement has been fought desperately by the established order of things, it has steadily, persistently gained ground until scores of churches, some of which had opposed the newcomer most desperately, have now adopted one of its leading principles—the healing of the body.

There are already more than a half thousand Christian Science churches, and scores of New Thought churches and New Thought schools. What is called the Emanuel Movement has been taken up by a great many orthodox churches in Boston, Chicago, New York and many other places. Metaphysical schools are springing up under different titles in all parts of the civilized world. People are beginning to get hold of little bits of one great divine truth, one vast and beautiful whole, which is destined to bring harmony to many heretofore conflicting methods of reaching a common good by furnishing a universal principle upon which people of all sorts of faith and creed can unite.

Some of our best physicians, who only a few years ago ridiculed mental healing, are beginning to adopt the principle—so far as they know how—in their practice; especially the power of suggestion. They are finding that their patients are often more affected by mental medicine, by their calls, their encouragement and good cheer, than by their pills. They are finding, too, that the mental attitude of the patient has everything to do with the effect of the disease, that it often proves the turning-point in a crisis. The result of all this mental influence is a very marked falling off in the use of drugs. Many of our leading physicians give but very little medicine, because they have very little faith in it. It is now well known that scores of eminent physicians employ metaphysical healing in their own families and often for themselves. Even the regular medical schools are taking up the subject of mental medicine in their lecture courses.

Hampered as this great movement still is by the errors and extravagances of overzealous followers, and also by the fraud of charlatans, who take advantage of the opportunities it offers to impose on the credulous and ignorant, there is no doubt that the basic principle of this metaphysical movement, has opened up many possibilities of mind building, character building, body building, and even business building, which

are destined to bring untold blessings to the world.

We are beginning to see that we can renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies by changing our thoughts; that by holding the thought of what we wish to become, we can become what we desire. Instead of being the victims of fate, we can order our fate; we can largely determine what it shall be. Our destiny changes with our thought. We shall become what we wish to become when our habitual thought corresponds with the desire.

"For each bad emotion," says Professor Elmer Gates, "there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body. Every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent."

"Any one may go into the business of building his own mind for an hour each day, calling up pleasant memories and ideas. Let him summon feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, making this a regular exercise like swinging dumb-bells. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these physical gymnastics, until it reaches sixty or ninety minutes per diem. At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts. It will have registered in the cell structure of his brain."

There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thought-forces."

Not long ago a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was pessimistic, discouraged, almost despairing; he had sorrowed on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sullen, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness! He was radiant, cheerful, hopeful, happy.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife, who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues," or melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His re-

mental from an untutored environment, together with his wife's helpful "new thought" influence and his own determination to make good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental make-up. The love-principle and the use of the right thought-force had verily made a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the secret of scientific brain-building, and who acquires the attainable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is inimically to his highest good.

That man is truly great who at will can master his moods, who knows enough of mental chemistry to neutralize a fit of the "blues" with the opposite thought, just as a chemist neutralizes an acid which is eating into his flesh by applying an alkaline antidote. A man ignorant of chemistry might apply another acid which would eat still deeper into his flesh; but the chemist knows the antidote of the particular acid that is doing the mischief. He can kill its corrosive, eating quality in an instant, for he knows the secret.

So the mental chemist knows how to counteract the corrosive, wearing, tearing, power of the despondent, depressing thought by its cheerful antidote. He knows that the optimistic thought is sure death to the pessimistic. He knows that harmony will quickly neutralize any form of discord; that the health thought will antidote the ailing, sick thought; that the love thought will kill the hatred thought, the jealous thought.

Many of us keep our minds more or less poisoned much of the time because of our ignorance of mental chemistry. We suffer from mental self-poison and do not know it. Neither do we know how to antidote the poison passions which are working havoc in our bodies.

Nothing else will so exhaust the vitality and whittle away life as violent fits of hatred, bitter jealousy, or a determination for revenge. We see the victims of these passions worn out, haggard, old, even before they have reached middle life. There are cases on record where fierce jealousy and hatred raging through the system aged the victims by years in a few days or weeks.

Yet these mental poisons are just as

easily antidoted, conquered, as physical poisons which have well-known antidotes. If we are sick with a fever we go to a physician for an antidote; but when jealousy or hatred is ranging within us we suffer tortures until the fever gradually wears itself out, not knowing that by an application of love which would quickly antidote it, we could easily have avoided not only the suffering but also the wear and tear on the entire system.

As there is no filth, no impurity, in any water which can not be removed by the science of chemistry, so there is no human mind so filthy, so poisoned with vicious thinking and vicious habits, so saturated with vice, that it can not be cleared up by right thinking; by the counter suggestion of the thing that has polluted it.

An acid is instantly killed by the presence of an alkali. Fire can not exist in the presence of its opposite, carbonic acid gas or water. We can not drive hatred, jealousy, or revenge out of the mind by will power, by trying to force them out. Love is the alkali which will antidote them. The way to get rid of discord is to flood the mind with harmony; then the discord vanishes. The way to get despondency and discouragement out of the mind is to fill it with encouraging, hopeful, cheerful pictures. The discouragement, the despondency, flee before their enemy antidotes. Fear, worry, anxiety, envy, moroseness, melancholy, can all be neutralized by their opposites. We need not be passive victims of the harmful suggestions around us.

We little realize what forces lie dormant within us, until they are aroused and stimulated. If we could take a muscle out of the arm and see how much weight it would support without breaking, we should find that it would be extremely small in comparison with the tremendous strength which is actually exerted in a great emergency. In Professor Anderson's experiments with Yale students he registered the strength of the right and left arms of eleven young men. The average strength of the right arm was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left, ninety-six pounds. The men were put upon special exercises with the right hand only, with instructions to centre their thought wholly on the left. At the end of a week tests of both arms were again made. The average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, while

that of the unexercised left had increased eleven pounds, thus proving that the concentrated brain exercise exerted even a greater force in developing the muscles than the physical exercise without the accompaniment of the mental influence. The power which mind imparts to muscle in an emergency is beyond all belief.

Many a delicate woman, who could scarcely wait upon herself, has, when some great catastrophe removed her husband and swept her property away, risen to the occasion and not only taken care of herself but also supported and educated her children. Power came from somewhere which made her equal to the emergency, and enabled her to do that which seemed absolutely impossible. We do what we have to. We never know what we can do until an emergency great enough to call on our reserves confronts us. Then the dominating power of the mind gives abnormal strength to the body and sweeps all obstacles before it. The mind is king; the body is its servant.

The whole body is really a projected mind, objectified, made tangible. It is an outpouring of the mind in material form. When we look at a person we actually see the mind, or what his thinking has made him. It is well known that real gray brain matter can be developed to a very remarkable degree in the tips of the fingers, as is illustrated by the blind, who can even detect shades of color, quality, texture, and other things by their marvelous sense of touch. Now, this is a projection of the brain to the tips of the fingers, showing that our thought permeates the whole body.

Why is it that a deaf, dumb and blind person instinctively feels the presence of a grand or of a vicious personality near him? It is because of the powerful radiation of his character from every part of the body.

All this shows what a dangerous, what a fatal thing it is to hold in the mind a wrong suggestion, for it tends to become a part of us, and, before we realize it, we are that suggestion or thought.

We all know that it is constant contemplation of good things, of holy things, that excites to the doing of them and makes the saintly person; that the constant dwelling upon and contemplation of the beautiful, the sublime, the noble, the true and the effort to incorporate them into the life, are what make the beautiful character. The life follows the thought. There is no law

clearer than that. There is no getting away from it.

Probably the majority of criminals were never told what a dangerous thing it is to harbor criminal thoughts, to contemplate criminal acts. They were probably never told of the power of suggestion, that the life must follow the ideals, that the thoughts are incorporated into habit, and that habits rule the life. They dwell upon the thought of crime so long that before they were aware of it they actually committed the deed.

A criminal who has served twenty-five years in the different penitentiaries in New York State says that he did not have the slightest conscious thought of ever becoming a criminal. But he had a natural love of doing things which seemed impossible for others, and when he went by a rich man's residence he could not help thinking out different ways of entering the house at night, until he finally attempted it. He took great pride in going from room to room while everybody was asleep and getting out without waking any one. Every time he did this he felt that sense of triumph which follows difficult achievement. He said he did not rob so much for the value of the things he stole as to gratify his passion for taking risks, and he could hardly believe it when he found himself actually doing the things he had so long contemplated. He had held the thought of stealing so long in his mind that it had become a part of his very nature.

The jealous man who thinks he has been seriously wronged harbors the thought of revenge and thinks of ways and means of getting "square" with his enemy until he finally takes his life. He may not have intended it at first, or even thought it possible; but his mind became abnormal by harboring the jealous thought. His love of revenge grew until finally his mind became unbalanced and he committed the terrible deed.

Think of the awful responsibility of the "yellow press" in throwing out in picture, in cartoon, in print, the daily suggestion of murder, of suicide, of crime in all its forms, of scandal, with all the insidious suggestiveness which lives in detailed description! The time will come when the man who publishes these frightful descriptions of crime will be regarded as an enemy of his race.

On the other hand, think of the tremendous influence of the suggestion which comes from the contemplation of great, heroic characters and noble deeds, from the contemplation of beauty in all its infinite variety of expression, of sublimity, or grandeur in nature and in human life.

The law of suggestion is just as exact in its working as the law of mathematics.

If a child is brought up in a vicious atmosphere, where the suggestion of vice is constantly held in his mind, where the animal portion of his brain is over-developed, and there is no compensating stimulus in his environment to bring out the good qualities or characteristics, then, unless he develops an unusual creative mental attitude to enable him to combat the evil suggestions about him, his mind will become unbalanced, set toward evil.

One-sided development, a lack of brain balance, is the cause of most, or all, of the viciousness and crime in our civilization. We are creatures of suggestion, and especially in childhood extremely sensitive to it. The child is a human seed of infinite possibilities, and its development depends very largely upon its environment. Its brain is like the sensitive-plate of the photographer, which responds to the slightest stimulus. How quickly children reflect the characteristics of their environment, whether vulgar or refined, criminal or uplifting, base or noble!

We are just beginning to realize the immense possibilities of brain-building, of faculty-developing, in the young. A woman living in a poor section of a city recently visited one of the kindergarten schools to thank the teachers for the im-

proved manners of her children. She said in effect that neither she nor her husband had ever had any training or education, that they were rough and coarse, and that the first suggestion of good manners was brought into their home by their children from the kindergarten. The children of those poor people had become courteous and considerate of the other members of the family.

Their little "Manners" plays, "Justice" plays, "Courage" plays, "Sympathy" plays, and the other morality plays which they had acted in the school, and which they delighted to play at home, interested the parents almost as much as they did the juvenile actors. The sweet, kindly, and helpful dispositions which the children brought into the home revolutionized it.

It is well known that brain activity creates brain structure, and in this lies the hope of the race, not only for a larger, grander mental development, but also for the creation and improvement of character in the changing of thought and habit.

One of the great problems in establishing wireless telegraphy was the neutralizing or getting rid of the influence of conflicting currents going in every direction through the atmosphere. The great problem of character-building is to counteract, to nullify, conflicting thought-currents, discordant thought-currents, which bring all sorts of bad suggestions to the mind. Tens of thousands have already solved this problem. Each one can apply mental chemistry, the right thought-current to neutralize the wrong one. Each one can solve his own problem, can make his character what he will.

The Supremacy of Christian Ethics

The Test as to Whether Crime and Criminals Will Inevitably Decrease or Increase—Adoption of the Indefinite Term System Strongly Favored as Likely to Find a Permanent Place in the Judicial System of All Civilized Countries—Too Much Mandin Sentimentality for the Malefactor.

By W. P. Archibald.

THE work of reformation, also the rehabilitation of a criminal, is one of the most arduous undertakings which can be conceived. To strengthen repressive action, and at the same time to introduce more humanity into the operation of our laws—to sometimes ask for indulgence rather than rigor, without abandoning any of the indispensable guarantees of social order, and of justice—is the paramount principle and practical object of the parole system of Canada.

When the parole system was first advo-

cated, and adopted, about nine years ago, many said of those who pleaded for its adoption by the Federal authorities, that their ideals were placed too high. In criticism they were sometimes reproached with attempting the impossible; and their generous conceptions of humanity were greeted as chimeras. In some instances they were referred to as "taunted with sentimentalism," and sometimes feebleness; but their faith in humanity remained unshaken. Under a careful administration of the parole law much has been accomplished in the uplifting of the unfortunate and erring, who, while suffering justly by imprisonment for their wrongs inflicted on society, are given the opportunity to regain their social footing in the very community in which they have offended.

I know, perhaps, as well as any one engaged in prison work that there are some of the sick who do not wish to be cured (I mean incorrigibles who need to be kept where they cannot harm); but this is no argument that all who are sick are incurable, and that there are not means within our reach to help in their restoration. Judging from years of experience I must say that I find perversity is the exception. I have constantly affirmed in the past that human nature is, at bottom, right, loyal and generous. We find that in the darkest and most ravaged heart there may survive, as in the ruins of a temple, a last lamp, forgotten by the last priest, which, when lighted, burns still for truth and goodness.

The question is not of substituting for penal laws a sort of philosophical indifference which would compromise public security. It is the question of stimulating



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moral forces and developing generous instincts, which are able to prevent the offence or the crime committed, and after the downfall, of raising and rehabilitating the guilty. No one possessed of logic or honest sense maintains the irresponsibility of the being who has done wrong. That would be to affirm the futility of correction or recompense. It is true that the physical life, the education, heredity and environment, exercise a direct influence on criminality. Legislators have taken account of these inevitable reactions in the preparation of laws and the gradation of penalties.

We hold that the principles of the parole system are just. Chastisement, without a possibility of pardon and forgetfulness, discourages and degrades; the hope of parole, or of a pardon, evokes to effort and helps to restore. It puts principles into practice, and inspires hope in the convict; while on the other hand, it determines when the convict should be discharged from prison, with a suitable environment congenial to his or her rehabilitation through the channels or forces of industry. The system of providing the assistance of a patron or a friend to help the delinquent in his struggle to regain his lost status as a social unit, is producing some splendid results.

Every intelligent Canadian recognizes the futility of combating crime by simply attacking the criminal—a system of cutting down the weeds without going to the roots. In seeking to determine the causes and the movements of crime, I find that the responsibility of criminality is not to be attributed alone to the material author of the offence. Society must be protected, but has society not been responsible for the downfall of many? The pace which some try to keep up in the social life proves a cause of temptation, and to the weak it has resulted in the ruination of many of the best men this world has ever known.

In dealing with these matters, however, we must always maintain a horror for crime, and to any responsible being, nothing justifies an act of criminality. This fact has modified considerably the sentiment concerning a convict of late years. Prevention is better than a continual punishment, and one system of justice does not exclude charity. There is no justice without charity, and there cannot be any true charity without justice.

Classification of crimes is comparatively an ancient method; the classification of criminals is comparatively modern. In Hebrew, Oriental and Roman codes we find attempts at classification of crimes, and the estimate of guilt seen in the varying weight of penalty attached to the offence. The classification of crime is even the best penal code is more or less arbitrary. Under the Hebrew law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" the matter was much simpler, but, when it comes to measuring the money value of an eye or a nose, or the length of imprisonment, which forms an equivalent for its destruction, it is not easy to secure equity. Thus, while the State has a fixed Criminal Code, and a maximum and minimum of penalties, a study of the sentences actually imposed in our courts of justice, show the most curious variations and sometimes even contradictions.

The estimate of the comparative enormity of the offences made by convicts themselves are sufficiently curious, as when the "drunkard boasts he has not been a thief," and the "thief boasts he has not been a drunkard"; but these ethical judgments of the criminal are hardly more contradictory or amusing than those which have been taken from our own laws in their administration. When it comes to the application of the penalty, the only final relief for arbitrariness is the adoption of the indefinite sentence system, especially for habitual offenders, which is working most satisfactorily in several Continental countries, and is now under consideration by the British Government. On principle, nothing justifies the imprisonment of a man except that satisfactory proof is forthcoming that his freedom is dangerous to society. Now, if we accept this principle, two consequences follow logically from it:

First, that none should be imprisoned except those whose liberty would be a danger to society.

Second, that these should be imprisoned, not for periods fixed in advance, but just as long as their freedom may be a danger to society.

The second of these conclusions is embodied in the principle of the indefinite sentence system. Many are anxious to see it adopted in Canada in conjunction with the parole system, which is giving such good satisfaction at present. We send to prisons a number of recidivist criminals for a fixed

number of months or years, according to the name given by law to the particular offence of which each person is convicted. This is no more scientific in operation than if the sick were sent to the hospital for a number of days, determined in advance by the temperature or the pulse at the invasion of any disease. Do we not send the contagious sick to the hospital and they must be detained until cured. The analogy is a fair one by which it is contended, that no man should be imprisoned until it has been ascertained that he is of a criminal character, and when this is established, he must be imprisoned until he is reformed, or until he dies, and I am satisfied that some of our criminal class should spend their life and die in imprisonment or detention.

But the first of the two conclusions which I have named is of still higher importance. To imprison a man is to impose upon him an utterly unnatural life, to cut him off from the general influences which form the mind and character of men; and to consign him to the companionship of much that is vile of the human race, is a serious matter. It is to mark him for life as a person unfit for freedom and for congenial associations with his kind. The force of this influence is so great that many never overcome it. The habitual criminal class is made up principally of men who have received their education in crime in the prisons. Under these conditions too great care cannot be taken in sending a man or a woman to prison on a first offence, especially if the offence does not reveal a serious criminal character.

Should we undertake to locate the beginning of crime we would of necessity have to revert to the beginning of the human race. To us the beautiful innocence of early Eden remains only in the imagination, and the everlasting fact of wrong and crime thrusts itself across the opening consciousness of men. The story in the Genesis of human history, where crime and punishment come together, suggests valuable information upon the manner of dealing with crime and the criminal of our age. For there is no change in those wild and disordered passions of men out of which there follow all the ills and sorrows of the social fabric we term life. Cain, striking down his brother in the early days, is the type of the long line of criminality that stretches through time, and with which we

are struggling to-day in the dealing with the problems of crime and the treatment of the criminal. The divine justice administered is also an example to all right society that seeks to protect itself, and punish guilt. If you follow the story closely you will find nothing of the maudlin sentimentality connected with it that blurs the lines between good and evil in our day, for the criminal would have us forget the sorrow caused by his act and the injury he has caused to his victim. I have never pleaded for the removal of a just penalty which man, or the hand of justice, has generally attached to the commission of crime. I have nothing to do with that speculative philanthropy which conforms moral law with disease, and finds the greatest criminal generally to be the greatest unfortunate, deserving, not chains, but tears and release.

On the other hand, there are those who are within the reach of reform and rehabilitation, and these are being helped in a practical way. In Canada one of the greatest factors in the reformation of the criminal is found in the parole system. Out of some 1,745 released conditionally during the past eight years, over 1,000 have earned their full liberty, while only a fraction over two per cent. of the entire number released have returned to a life of crime, and to-day about 500 men are engaged in the hard uphill struggle to regain their lost footing in the social world, and are reporting themselves monthly with this object in view.

The social well-being of man cannot endure unless punishment full and terrible falls in proper degree on every known crime, and if the punishment is greater than the criminal can bear, it is because of the greatness of his offence. The fountains of human pity should not be stirred to remove the penalty attached to the offence of the criminal, but curative measures can be safely adopted whereby a criminal can redeem his wasted life. To make punishment a vengeance, taking out hope and heart from the delinquent, is not meeting the needs of the situation.

I cannot help but state the conviction that one of the dangers of our dealing with criminals to-day is in the fact that the law expected to be thrown about the innocent, is practically given and used to protect the criminal. What I mean is this, the desire to provide such a defence for all accused persons so that no innocent man should suf-

fer, has brought us to a point where it is difficult to prevent the guilty from escaping just punishment, but it is better even thus than to punish an innocent person. In the operation of British law it is necessary that the indictment, the jury trial, the sentence, the execution, when found necessary, should move on with an evenness of tread that leaves no room for merely technical delays, producing a wholesome fear for the wrongdoer.

Crime being a steady factor in human society, philosophy, no less than Christianity, finds it is urgent that every possible reform must be made in the case of the criminal, so that society shall be thoroughly protected not only during the term of imprisonment, but also from his activity when he again passes out into the world (a free man) through the parole system or by discharge. With this fundamental proof, held alike by the "enlightened selfishness" of the world, and the devoted unselfish altruism of the Christian religion, it is impossible to escape the problem which is ever present: What is best to be done with the tide of human vice which is steadily reaching our penal institutions and ebbing out from them again? There are at the present time about 1,433 of a population in the penitentiaries of Canada, and about 2,000 in the jails and Provincial prisons of our country. There is no sterility in crime. It grows and spreads. It propagates itself by generation and contagion. It works as silently, as mysteriously, as effectually as leaven. To deal wisely with it requires the utmost patience, charity, etc.

The question of how to deal with the criminal classes must ere long be met by the application of more potent remedies than are now applied, such as will meet the cause of moral delinquencies, produced through contagion or accident. Countries to-day vie with one another to devise "sugar-coated" systems to cure criminal habits. Eminent jurists and magistrates have strained statutes in their behalf, and many good people keep beseeching the great Creator to set aside immutable laws and thus relieve the abnormal conditions of mankind.

Remove the certainty of death from a trip over Niagara Falls in an open boat, and such trips would soon become a holiday pastime. So it is with the commission of criminal acts: remove the chances of

just punishment for criminal offences, and each act committed will only be a stimulant for the commission of more atrocious ones. There is altogether too much muddled sentimentality for the criminal, and a system which does not inflict punishment is a dangerous menace to both citizen and State.

On the whole, social environment and public opinion have outlasted vice and crime, and driven them to cover, where they can be practised only by stealth. Never before in the history of the world have life and property and all legal rights been more securely protected against a lawless invasion than at the present time; especially is this true in the British Empire, of which Canada is privileged to comprise a component part. We are units of an Empire in which law and order are regarded as essential to life, and we feel justly proud of our systems of government, the freedom and the protection of the citizens, and the operation of our criminal laws.

The indefinite sentence system has met with some opposition from a few of the leading and prominent European jurists. It has also its strong advocates, and in the prison reforms of France, Russia and Italy, we find this system strongly urged and recommended.

I have read the various criticisms, and find their opposition based on purely theoretical grounds. I firmly believe that it is only a question of time for this system to find a permanent place in the judicial system of all civilized countries.

This system will make it clear enough to distinguish between the accidental and the professional criminal—to give the first offender an opportunity to recover his footing, and show the second offender that while he is determined to lead a criminal life he can have no footing whatever.

The last analysis of the question of crime, and the treatment of the criminal, is the vital question of the supremacy of Christian ethics. If the Christian religion declines, and its forces weaken, crime will inevitably increase. If the principles and the spirit of true Christianity gain added power in the life of our Canadian people, crime will surely decrease.

A Christian faith looking forward in confidence to the ultimate triumph of Christian ethics can hardly fail to expect a progressive decline of crime, and in the future its final extinction.

Stover, the Strategist

How a Life Insurance Director, About to Resign From the Board, Interviewed a Medium and Was Told by her Many Strange Things, as a Result of the Cunning and Foresight of an Agent, who Later Issued the Director for a Large Sum, Thus Preserving the Prestige of the Company.

By ARCHIE P. McKINNA.

MR. GLEASON, president and managing director of the Rock Bottom Life Insurance Company, looked up as Mr. Stover entered.

"How are you?" he said heartily, reaching a fat hand across the table.

"I got your wire, sir," returned the young man, taking it. "What's up?"

"Have a cigar," invited the president, shoving a box forward and striving to wipe the trouble lines from his face with one of the smokes that had helped make his reputation.

Stover took a cigar, lit it, and leaned forward in his chair expectantly.

"Windover is going over to the Dublin Life the first of the month," said Mr. Gleason. "It is my wish that you succeed him as inspector of agencies. Do you accept the proposition?"

Mr. Stover blew a ring of smoke ceilingward.

"What's the salary?" he asked, with characteristic abruptness.

The president pressed the tips of his fingers together and puckered his brow.

"Is it as good as writing one hundred thousand as an agent?" asked Stover.

"Yes—better."

"All right, then. I accept."

Once more the fat hand of the president was extended; once more the younger man took it. Then he arose.

"Nothing else, sir, was there?" he asked, taking up his hat.

"No."

Stover, noting the hesitation in the other's voice, sat down again.

"You met a gentleman as you were coming up, did you not, Mr. Stover, a big,

pompous looking man in a Newmarket coat?" asked the president. "Well, that was Mr. Samson, one of our directors," he explained, as Stover nodded.

"I've heard of him," said Stover. "One of R. B.'s directors?"

"Yes, and I very much fear we are going to lose him. He is a peculiar man; consequently he has strange opinions—I might say that he is exceedingly erratic. One of the latest ideas he has formulated is that insurance is a hoax, a sham, a gold brick, offered by clever rascals to a gullible public. Egrad, Stover, Samson is a pig-headed idiot, that's what he is, sir."

"Perhaps he would be better off the board," ventured Stover.

Mr. Gleason gasped.

"It would be the worst thing that could possibly happen, young man," he asserted. "Would not the public ask, Why has the great Mr. Samson withdrawn his name from the Rock Bottom board?" And what would the great Mr. Samson's answer be, sir? Eh? Simply a shrug and a curl of his aristocratic lips, that's what it would be. You're no fool, young man; you know Samson, and you know the public. It can make a lot out of a shrug, a sneer, but there's not enough about such to give us a suit for damages."

"That's so," said Stover, crossing his legs and frowning.

"I wish he could be induced to remain on our board, Mr. Stover," sighed the president, "but now that he has allowed himself to believe that there is no virtue in insurance, I presume he can not expect him to do so."

"Doesn't he carry any insurance him-

self?" asked Stover, looking up in surprise.

"Not a red cent," laughed the president. "Fumme, isn't it?"

"See here, Mr. Stover," he added, lowering his voice, "the withdrawal of Samson from our board is something we don't want to occur. Remember, he has a certain amount of influence, and he has no telling but our opposition may bait him to use it against us. Of course, he can't say anything against a strong, clean company such as ours, but he can look a use, which is infinitely worse. No, I tell you, Stover, we must keep him with us until he has ridden his latest hobby to death; then he'll be all right. Now, young man, tell us what to do. I have the greatest respect for your advice. Now, how can we do it?"

"Why not sell him a couple of hundred thousand insurance?" suggested Stover. "He'd have to believe in it then."

The president started.

"You're not serious, surely?" he gasped. "Yes, I am, too," replied Stover. "He's wealthy enough to stand two hundred thousand."

"Of course he is, Stover, of course he is. He's wealthy enough to buy a tea plantation in Japan, too, but I guess he won't do it."

"You mean, that you consider him a hopeless case?"

"Exactly. You couldn't give him insurance, let alone sell it to him."

Stover smiled.

"I suppose you've all tried him on it?" he queried, easily.

"Every man of us, Stover, myself included, and I'm pretty fair at the business, my boy, pretty fair."

"You are, I know that," said the young man, earnestly. "But you forget that there is one man on the R. B.'s staff who hasn't had a fling at him yet."

"You mean yourself, Stover? Yes, of course you do. Well, you may try him if you care to, but I tell you it will be a waste of time and energy."

"I don't mind taking a chance," said Stover, drawing on his gloves. "I believe I can insure him, but I must take my own way."

"Take your own anything you want, take anything I've got, take the whole R. B. if you wish it—and if you can insure Sam-

son, hanged if I won't say you're the only man in the world could do it."

"Good-bye!" said Stover, laughingly, as he passed out.

He went direct from the offices to High Park. The season was autumn, and there would be scarcely anybody there to interrupt his thoughts. Stover felt that he must do some quick, hard thinking now, if he ever did. He was bound he would insure the great Mr. Samson—but how?

He sat down on a bench and pulled out his pipe. For more than an hour he smoked and thought. At the end of that time he shook his head.

"No good!" he said, finally.

A brown sparrow alighted on a sprig just above him, glancing at the agent with a cunning, bright little eye.

Stover watched him smilingly. He had heard that little birds often told people things. He wished one little bird might tell him how he could sell Samson two hundred thousand insurance.

As he knocked the ashes from his pipe, he heard the leaves rustling and looked round. A tall young fellow in a wide felt hat and long undecorated was coming toward him.

He threw himself down beside Stover on the bench, and the two gripped hands.

"Hazy," grinned the newcomer.

"Lazy and a bump," answered Stover. "Of all things unexpected, Peterson, old boy!" He shook the other's hand, the corners of his mouth working. "I haven't seen you since we left college."

"Nope, and maybe I wasn't glad to catch sight of you here, Stove. How's your tobacco?"

"Lots of it," laughed Stover, tossing the pouch to his friend.

The long fellow filled his pipe and puffed it ferociously.

"What you doing, Stove?" he asked, between puffs.

"Insurance," answered Stover. "And you, Pete?"

"Oh, I'm a kind of gentleman's gentleman, in a way," returned Peterson. "I'm private secretary to one of the high monkey-moons here."

"You don't say! Like it?"

"Tolerably. You see the gent I work for is an odd one. He has taken a fancy to me, I think, but you can't tell how long it will last. His fancies wear away quickly, as a

rule. And then he takes the funniest, most outlandish notions. You can't guess what his latest hobby is, Stove?"

"No. What is it?"

"I don't know as I should mention it," laughed his companion, "but it's all right between two old cronies like us two, I guess. You see, he's taken a notion to have a spirit medium read him his past and future."

"Well, I never," said Stover, staring. "Got some deal on, likely, and wants to know how it will swing, eh?"

"That's it, exactly. You've hit it, old boy. It's insurance stocks."

Stover's eyes opened wide.

"Yes?" he said.

"So I'm going to find out a good spirit medium for him. I'm on my way now. I'm best if I know where to look for one. Can't help me out, Stove, can you?"

"I believe I can," cried Stover. "I just happen to know a medium, and she has the reputation of reading the future to a dot. She charges a hundred dollars a trance, though," he added. "Perhaps the gentleman wouldn't care to go that high. He can get mediums, I presume, for less money."

"Oh, Mr. Samson doesn't care a fig how much it costs, Stove."

"Mr. Samson?" gasped Stover. "Did you say Samson?"

"Yes, of course I did. You know him, likely. Everybody knows Mr. Samson."

Stover crammed his hands deep in his pockets. His mind was working like lightning. By and by Peterson saw a smile dawn and grow, until it became a long, satisfied grin.

"I was just thinking of another fellow by that name," explained Stover, with a chuckle. "I'll tell you about him some time, but tell me," he cried, growing serious, "does Mr. Samson wish to visit the medium, or have the medium visit him?"

"If possible, he wants the medium to come to his office," Peterson replied. "I wish you would arrange it for me, Stove," he pleaded. "You know what to do, and it's something out of my line."

"Why, of course, I'll be only too glad to, I'll call on Madame Videalenti on my way back. Did he specify any time, Pete?"

"Yes, half-past eight this evening."

"Well, I tell you what you do. You come on over to my club with me and have a game of billiards. You needn't worry; I'll

see the medium gets there at the appointed time. I want to talk over the old days when we used to room together, and I'm also curious to learn more about your eccentric employer, Mr. Samson."

"All right," cried Peterson. "Come on. I'm with you, and I'll tell you all about him."

When the friends separated at 5.30, there was little about the great Mr. Samson that Stover did not know. He hailed a cab and whispered a direction to the driver.

When they pulled up at a theatrical outfitter's establishment, Stover alighted, and motioning the driver to wait, entered. Ere long he emerged with a bundle under his arm. Then he gave the driver the number of his house address.

"Call here at 8.15 to-night for a lady," he said, as he alighted. "Can I count on you?"

"Yes, sir. Eight-fifteen it is, sir." The driver whipped up his horse and vanished.

That evening, as Mr. Samson paced up and down his luxurious office floor, a tall, veiled lady was ushered into his presence. He came forward, rubbing his perspiring hands together. His small blue eyes held a look of almost fear.

"Be seated, madam," he said, bowing.

"You wish to have your past and future read," said his visitor, in a voice that chilled him to the marrow.

"Yes," he rejoined, his teeth chattering.

"One hundred dollars is my fee," said the voice.

"Oh?" cried Mr. Samson, the word money bringing him back to himself. "Oh, yes, of course."

He wrote out a cheque for a hundred dollars, and placed it on the table before the medium. For the life of him, he could not hand it to her. He was afraid.

The woman stood up.

"I will now commune with the spirits," she said. "Now must you interrupt me for five minutes. By then my trance will be perfected. In five minutes you may ask me what you wish to know, and by the aid of the spirits I will answer you truthfully. I must have the lights turned low."

Tremblingly, Mr. Samson reached up and turned down the gas. The medium commenced to revolve slowly as on a pivot. Faster and faster did she turn, until, in the hazy light, to the man's staring eyes, she

resembled a brown tombstone rocked by a gale. He backed slowly against the wall, his hands spread out, his mouth working.

It seemed to him an hour after that the voice came again, floating to him, as he stood there, as though coming from the bowels of the earth.

"Ask and be told O, Man," said the voice.

Samson swallowed hard and tongued his dry lips.

"Who am I?" he asked at length.

"James Samson, banker," came the answer.

"Tell me of my past," he commanded weakly.

"You were born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on June the 10th, 1854," came the answer. "You were educated in England and were left a fortune by a great uncle, Spencer by name, in the year 1880. The following year you shot a man by the name of Thompson, and were arrested for murder. You were acquitted on grounds of self-defence, and shortly after you came to Canada. Here you took up the banking profession, which vocation you have followed ever since. You are a heavy speculator and a shrewd one. You have fifteen thousand of Drift-Draft gold shares, which are an excellent investment. You have copper shares, upon which you will never realize. You are a heavy stockholder in the Rock Bottom Life Insurance Co., and a director of its board. You have a wife and two daughters. Your wife's name is Annie, the eldest daughter's name is Annie also, and the younger one you call Amy. You have lost two children

"In heaven's name, stop," cried Mr. Samson. He was wet with perspiration, and his breath was coming in quick gasps. "It is of the future I wish to ask you. I asked you of the past but to test you. Tell me then; would you advise me to leave my money in the Rock Bottom Life Company?"

"Yes. It is the safest of all your investments."

"Hs! And the copper stocks?"

"Sell them at once!"

"And the Drift Draft gold shares—what of them?"

"Hold for six months; then sell."

Mr. Samson was becoming his own man again.

"Can you tell me," he said, smiling, and

forcing his pudgy hands with difficulty into his pockets, "can you tell me how long I am likely to live?"

"Yes," came the answer. "But we could not advise you to ask the question, O mortal."

"Why?" cried Samson, his short hair rising and a chill creeping up his spine.

"Do you wish to know how long you may live?"

"Yes," he answered with difficulty.

There was silence for a moment, as though the spirits were communing together. At length came the hollow, sepulchral answer.

"Alas, you may not see another year."

Mr. Samson staggered against the table.

"Oh, ah!" he groaned, weakly.

He sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"You may never see another year." The words, hung before him in letters of fire.

"Would you have us advise you, O man?" came the voice.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "Tell me what to do."

"Insure your life," waited the voice, "and by so doing protect your loved ones. By doing so, you may change what the horoscope here shows us. If you would have us advise you, insure your life for no less than two hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh, oh," panted poor Samson. "Can I have a week to decide?" he asked, struggling to his feet.

"No, no a moment. The spirits wish to depart. Tell them now, will you do it?"

"Yes, yes, I will do it soon."

"It must be to-night," warned the heavy voice.

"But the insurance offices are all closed to-night," cried the man.

"Decide quickly," came the voice. "The matter of which you speak can be arranged."

"Yes, yes. I will insure, and to-night," pleaded Samson.

"Then wait here, and—Remember—to—wait."

The words died away slowly. Mr. Samson once more sank into his chair, and bowed his head upon the table.

When he lifted it, he was alone. The medium had vanished, also the cheque.

He arose and turned on the light, just as the door opened and Mr. Stover, of the Rock Bottom Life entered.

"You are Mr. Samson?" he asked. "Ah, you were expecting me, I believe."

"Who are you?" asked the bewildered Samson.

Stover raised his eyebrows. "I am Mr. Stover, of the Rock Bottom Life," he said. "I understand you want insurance, and want it to-night."

"Yes, I do. I want two hundred thousand dollars insurance, and I can't get it too quick."

"Which kind of insurance do you wish, sir?"

"Any kind you care to give me, young man, only be quick about it."

"I think a short term policy would be best for you," advised the agent, sitting down to the table.

"How much?" asked Mr. Samson, after he had signed the application.

"It will cost you \$12,000 a year," answered the agent, placing the application in his pocket.

Without a murmur, Mr. Samson wrote out a cheque. The agent took it, wrote out a company's receipt, and arose.

"I think it would be well to finish it to-night, sir," he said. "The doctors are out in the hall. I will send them in."

He thanked Mr. Samson for his business, and modestly withdrew.

An hour later Mr. Samson sat alone in his office. He had had a strenuous two hours of it, if ever man had. He was bewildered and mad. He was thinking of what his life had been. He hated to have to leave it, it had been well worth living. He told himself that had he known sooner that he was liable not to see another year, he would have made a few changes in it. Well, it was too late now; unless, as the

medium advised, the placing on of the insurance might alter his horoscope.

He sighed, and, rising, put on his overcoat. He turned out the light, locked the door, and walked down the hall like an old man. For the first time in years he was going home without his before-bed cigar alight. As he turned from locking the outer door, a tall, cloaked individual brushed against him and pressed a piece of paper into his hand. Astonished, he held it under a gas jet, and as he read it, his face grew cheerful, and his old expression of confidence came back.

On the paper were pencilled these words:

"Because you have accepted with willingness the advice of the spirits and acted upon it with despatch, be informed by them that you may see another year, and, for all that we can see, many of them."

"THE MEDIUM"

Next morning Mr. Samson called upon Mr. Gleason, president of the Rock Bottom Life Company.

"I want you to leave my name on the board of directors, Jim," he said pleasantly.

"Then you've changed your mind about it, Mr. Samson, eh? I thought you would."

"Well, yes, I have. You see, Jim, I've put on a little insurance in the R. B. myself. Naturally, if I didn't believe in insurance, I wouldn't put on any, would I? And if I didn't think the R. B. the best, I wouldn't put on R. B. insurance, would I?"

Then they both laughed and shook hands.

But there is only one man who knows who the spirit medium was, and that man is Stover.



The Discovery of Mrs. Dugan

How She Managed to Make Six Dozen Lamp Chimneys out of Twelve Old Bottles Which had Been Filled with Champagne, and it was, Indeed, an Outrageous Crime Witnessing Them go to Waste.

By Ella Parker Butler in Good Housekeeping Magazine

W AN day when Oi was afeer rummaging in me cellar, Oi found wat down champagne bottles goin' t' waste, an' 'twas a pity t' see thim go t' waste. Oi tuck a look at them an' Oi seen they was all in good condition, except they was full av champagne-wat'er. Pintin' th' twelve bottles t' wan soide, Oi went into th' back yar-r-d, where th' grapevine do be, an' from th' grapevine Oi tuck wan av them long curly tendrils. A frind av mine so happened t' be th' presidint av th' United States Steel Company, an' Oi sint him th' long curly tendrils from th' grapevine, an' Oi said, "Wad he mak me a duplicate av it in tempered steel?" Shure, he was glad t' accomodate me, because wance me old man was afeer buyin' a share av steel stock from him, whin no wan seemed t' want anny.

'Twas not six weeks whin Oi resayved back from th' presidint av th' steel trust th' tempered steel imitation av th' curly tendrils av th' grapevine.

Onta th' upper ind av this, an' cross-ways, 'twas no thrick at all t' fix a clothes-pin. Oi thin pressed th' sharp point av th' lower ind av th' steel tendrils into th' cork av wan av th' champagne bottles, an' twisted th' tindril around. Thin, by pullin' sharp upward on th' clothes-pin, an' at th' same time holdin' th' bottle tight betwene me knees—which Oi had covered wud rosin to prevent th' bottle slippin'—Oi drew out th' cork.

Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contents down th' drain, except a small tumblerful, which Oi also drank.

Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contents down th'

drain, except a small tumblerful, which Oi drank.

Oi thin removed another bottle from th' cork an' emptied th' drain down th' contents, except a small tumblerful, which Oi drank.

Oi thin bottled another small remove—from th' tumbler—except a small corkful—which Oi drained—an' contented th' drank down th' bottle.

Oi thin tankled a kump from 'nother bottle an' Oi mean Oi dunked a tump from 'nother cople—you see, me frind, Oi mean Oi drankled a kump—Oi mean Oi cackled a—Oi mean Oi corkled—Oi—Oi—well, anyhow, Oi did it t' all thim twelve bottles. Thim bottles was now all impty, an' Oi steadied th' house wid wan hand an' counted th' bottles wid th' other. There was twenty-siven left out av th' dozen!

Be this toime th' house was revolvin' rapid, an' Oi sot on th' floor an' counted th' bottles as they went by. There was sixty-four av thim. Oi clumb t' th' kitchen table an' produced out av th' drawer th' can-opener, on th' hind legs av which was a glass cutter. Oi crept back carefully t' th' bottles, and seated meself in th' cinter av thim, and thim goin' around me continuous. By printhin' indifference t' thim, an' springin' at thim whin they was off th' gyard, Oi was able t' catch thim wan at a toime. Whin Oi had thus caught a bottle Oi held it firmly down—by lyin' on it—an' wid th' glass cutter Oi cut off th' bottom an' th' neck av it. These Oi put t' wan soide, an' what remained av th' bottle made an excellent lamp chimney.

Whin Oi counted thim, Oi found Oi hed sixty-two!



A Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Vivid Impressions of the Great West

What the Record Breaking Harvest Now in Progress Really Means to the Dominion
— The Big Things Canada Possesses and in Which This Country Leads the World are a Constant Reminder Never to Forget our Sense of Responsibility and Appreciation.

By G. C. Kent

A BUMPER crop! No other word can describe the harvest of 1908. Reports from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba bear witness of the high standard of quantity and quality of the record yield of 1908. In some sections forty bushels to the acre have been gathered, which is in no way regarded as extraordinary. About 6,000,000 acres were under wheat crop this year, and the total yield will not be less than 120,000,000 bushels, as compared with 80,000,000 bushels last year. In Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba the increase of area in wheat is 408,000 acres.

Seeding operations opened early and fine growing weather continued during the summer months. What hopes and fears filled the hearts of the farmers as the season advanced, no one can tell. Would rain ever come? Yes, it came and just when it was needed. Those days when it grew cool and then quite cold told of hail in the air. Some poor farmer's grain was low, but the sun shone and the grain erected itself,

the heads filled out and a smile illuminated the yeoman's face again. With mingled feelings he watched his grain until the harvest—and what a harvest! Seventy millions of dollars to jingle in the pocket and furnish capital for further extensions. A Klondike never meant so much to any country as those large, red storehouses, along the railroads, filled to overflowing with A Canadian wheat.

The steam horses are already busy harrying the product eastward, and the new G.T.P. will have a share in carrying the 1908 crop. Twenty-four million pounds of binder twine have been consumed in Western Canada, due to the exceptional conditions which required two and one-half pounds per acre. With the immensely increased facilities this bountiful yield of wheat will be marketed five months earlier than usual, every available box car being put into use. Another opening oceanwards through Hudson's Bay, the third largest inland sea of the world, will at some future time be available for the shipment of West-

ern grain. Hudson's Bay extends far into the centre of Canadian wheat fields, and transportation by water is cheaper than by land. We realize in a measure the vastness of this inland sea, lying wholly within British territory, when it is remembered that it is six times the combined size of the Great Lakes with their connecting rivers.

Canada has the largest consecutive wheat field in the world. The largest grain mill in the British Empire, the Ogilvie, is in Montreal, and has a capacity of 4,400 barrels of flour every 24 hours. The biggest elevator in the world, with a capacity of seven million bushels, is at Port Arthur, and the G.T.P. will build a ten million bushel elevator at Fort William.

At the present time the eyes of the world are looking towards the rolling prairies, watching the wheat as it is being prepared for the markets. If one chances to reach the West in a rain or snowstorm his first impressions will be rather of a sticky nature for no words in the English language can describe Western mud. Through Manitoba the country is rather flat, but in Saskatchewan and Alberta may be seen the great rolling landscape. It was one Saturday night that I realized how beautiful is the unbroken prairie. I was hawking along the old government Yellowgrass trail towards Regina. It was raining a little, but I was anxious to get up north, and my pony was loping along at a steady gait out of sight of any shack, when suddenly the sun broke forth in the west and disclosed to view the first complete rainbow that I had ever seen. The sun shone



Monks at Banff.

on the hundreds of acres of beautiful roses and daisies, sparkling with the raindrops, and methought of the words of Bryant:

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The western fields, broad and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairie. I should deem for the first,
And my heart swell, when the clouds might
Takes in the succeeding vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations for a way.

And like Bryant my thoughts went back to the Mound Builders, who first lived in the West and the Redmen who followed and how now in the autumn one can gaze on miles and miles of golden grain waving in the wind waiting for the reaper to bind it for the storeroom.

It may be interesting to trace a little Western history and follow its progress from the time the great Hudson's Bay Company's explorer, Alexander Mackenzie, traveled eastward, he being the first white man to cross Canada to the coast, which he reached in 1793. Previous to this Mackenzie had discovered the river which bears his name and opened up new country for the Hudson's Bay fur trade. Nestling in a little depression near Mount Brown is a beautiful little lake out of which flows to the north a stream under the name of the Athabasca River, then as the Slave River and lake, and finally the great Mackenzie. From this little lake at Mount Brown flows another stream and this winds its southern way through the States under the name of the Columbia, and it was down this stream Mackenzie went to the coast in 1793. For his discoveries Mackenzie was knighted in 1804.



Driving to a Town just Two Weeks Old.

While Mackenzie was making discoveries inland, Captain Cooke was rounding up and down the British Columbia coast. The Spaniards, too, had exploring parties, and many Spanish names are still retained along the coast. It was after a while on Capt. Cooke's vessel that Vancouver Island was named. Vancouver afterwards made important discoveries and drew maps of British Columbia for the British Government. It was not long after this that gold was discovered in British Columbia, and there was a rush of lawless hordes of Mexicans, Texans, Californians, Yankees and a

pile, and each of the new Provinces is four times as large as New York State, and their total territory is as great as Central Europe. Canada itself is the same size as the European continent. For comparison take a map—a world's map. Note that Germany could be put down in Quebec and not fill it. Spain could be placed in the Lower Provinces, France in Ontario, and still leave room, while Russia—European Russia—could be put in the Northwest and bolstered in with all the petty kingdoms. Turkey could be dropped in Lake Superior and brought up with a prairie administration.



A Level Country for Miles Upon Miles.

heterogeneous mass of Chinese gold diggers who flocked into the country. Then after this same semblance of government was instituted and from that time progress was made.

In the other Western Provinces, however, there was little or no progress until the C.P.R. was completed in 1886. Since then there has been a steady growth. Some idea of the size of the West will be gained when it is remembered that the old district of Saskatchewan alone has been estimated to be able to support over 200,000,000 peo-

In connection with the wheat fields, Hon. Clifford Sifton issued a book which illustrates what a great wheat belt we have for Julian Hens is the largest loaf wheat receiving station in the world. One picture shows Uncle Sam and John Bull driving through the Canadian wheat fields, Uncle Sam is standing up with his hands shading his eyes from the sun, and he says: "Well, brother John Bull, you may have a great country, but I cannot see it for the wheat."

The West is like a huge cauldron into which all nations are pouring their people,



Threshing Operations on the Prairie.

and they are being boiled down into a Canadian nation. The best portrait of the West is another picture in Mr. Sifton's book. It shows a happy band in a Canadian wheat field, led by Johnny Canuck, who wields the baton, all singing joyfully together, "The Maple Leaf Forever." There is Uncle Sam looking a little thinner than usual, the stripes on his trousers a little narrower than ever, John Bull, a little more

corpulent and prosperous than usual, the Irishman with his shillelagh and shamrock, the Scotchman with his bagpipes, the Frenchman, the German, the Gallician and others, and with Johnny Canuck at the head, they all join in one grand harmonious chorus—"The Maple Leaf Forever."

There are yet millions of acres to be tilled; the mineral wealth has been practically untouched, and that of Ontario and

British Columbia is just waiting for engineers and prospectors to reveal it. With the advent of the G.T.P. and the Canada Northern, along with the older C.P.R., who can say what future lies before us!

When the sun rose o'er Cape Breton and rolled its ceaseless course westward on Dominion Day, 1867, it bathed in a flood of light a country containing as great, if not greater, possibilities than any other opened to civilized man. For was it not the beginning of our Canada as a Dominion, with an enviable climate breeding a hardy race to be known henceforth as Canadians, a Government founded on the principles of liberty and freedom, and behind all a lib-

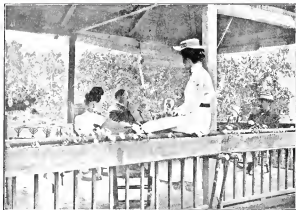
erty-loving people with illimitable resources in the field, the forest, the mine and the river. Since the founding of Quebec three hundred years ago, wonderful progress has been made. Let us not, however, be carried away by our prosperity and potentialities, but remember the beautiful lines of warning in Kipling's *Recessional*:

*If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have set Thee in awe
Such tongues as the Goliards use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

*For he whose heart that gets his trust
In reckless pride and iron stored,
At valiant deed that builds no doubt,
And gins up calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!*



A Homestead Located Between the Hills.



The Taft Family Residences at Murray Bay.

From Left to Right: Mrs. Henry Taft, the Secretary, Mr. Chaas P. Taft, Mr. C. P. Taft's Daughter and Mr. Henry Taft.

How Mr. Taft Spends His Holidays in Canada

The Pleasures and Pursuits of the Presidential Candidate at His Summer Home on the Banks of the St. Lawrence—If Elected Will his Executive Office Debar Him From the Privilege of Enjoying his Annual Outing Outside the Demais of Uncle Sam?—Some Glimpses at the Home Life of the big Republican Statesman

By A. S. Warner.

HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is a stupendous figure in the eyes of the people just now—and for some years he may occupy even greater preeminence in the world's galaxy of distinguished rulers.

Who can tell? November next will reveal the tale and permit a deeply interested public mind to learn definitely whether the Republican candidate for the highest office in the gift of the American commonwealth will hold sway for the coming quadrennium at the White House. The possible future

President is a decidedly picturesque personality. Even as a private citizen he could not evade a certain degree of publicity. His size, weight, build and smile would command attention anywhere. Additional interest is aroused in Canada in the former Secretary of War and his Presidential aspirations from the fact that, for the last fifteen years, he has been in the habit of spending several weeks with his wife and family at his summer home, Murray Bay, Quebec, where his brothers, Charles F. Taft, the Cincinnati editor, and Henry W.



Hon. Wm. H. Taft.

Taft, the New York attorney, also have hot weather sojourns.

The home life of Mr. Taft is an ideal one, and his happiest hours are those passed in the companionship of the members of his own fireside and nearest relatives. Every summer on the north shore of the noble St. Lawrence he is a welcome guest, and the little village of Murray Bay holds a warm spot in his affections.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. Taft was married to Miss Helen Herron, daughter of Judge Herroa. They began wedded life on Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, when the Secretary was a poor but ambitious lawyer. Mrs. Taft has proved to be an earnest, sympathetic and cultured helpmate of her illustrious husband. Their family numbers three bright members, Robert, the elder boy, being a clever student at Yale; Helen, the sixteen-year-old daughter, a brilliant pupil at Bryn Mawr, and Charlie, the ten-year-old lad, is the nerve-racking centre of the house.

Mr. Taft and his family will not be at Murray Bay this season. This annual pilgrimage and pleasure trip will have to forego owing to all the time of the great

Republican leader being occupied in campaign work, preliminary to the strenuous struggle two months hence. Until the outcome of the battle of the ballots is known, the Tafts have removed from their handsome home in Washington to Cincinnati, but their friends speak of the Ohio city as only their "temporary abode." President Roosevelt has sought relaxation for years at Oyster Bay, Long Island, a fashionable American watering place, but Canada finds favor with Mr. Taft as it does with thousands of others from across the line.

Naturally the sayings, doings, thoughts and habits of Mr. Taft have of late been recorded frequently. For instance, his personal appearance is the constant bogey of his wife; his disregard for correct attire is due to his antipathy of all pretence and sham. William Allen White, a Kansas newspaper editor and a personal friend, tells a good story of the Secretary's visit to the Czar of Russia during his trip around the world last year. Taft was to call upon Nicholas at nine o'clock in the morning, and had a two-mile ride from the house where he was stopping to the Empress. He arose about six very quietly, so as not to disturb his wife, and proceeded to dress as quickly as possible. In the darkness and his hurry he forced his toe through one trouser leg just above the knee. The trousers were his "Sunday" pair—the only black pair that he owned—so he called a bell-boy and instructed him to have them mended as quickly as possible. When they were returned half an hour later they looked decidedly the worse, and Taft sat down to remedy the botched job of the Russian tailor. A quarter of an hour's work resulted only in a second rent finding its place beside the original one. Smilingly Taft arose, found an old black sock, cut off the foot, and drew the remaining portion up over his knee so that it would show through the holes in his trousers. Then he donned the "best" suit and drove off to keep his appointment with the Ruler of all the Russias. Mr. Taft is big-hearted, and, in a quiet way, he does much to relieve misery and want. He was once heard to declare that the only way he could be sure of keeping two suits in the house was to wear his second best under his new one. The smile of the man is proverbial. It reaches down to his heart, and his laugh

is a jolly, whole-souled one—not a forced cackination.

No better story of the geniality of Mr. Taft has been told than that by Alex. Pujols, who, in *Success Magazine*, says: "It was in Doolo, Island of Panay, P.I., where I first saw the great and only original genial hand-shaker and dispenser of good-humor—William H. Taft. If there was any one that had a certain vocation down to a science, it was Taft. He was the one that introduced the 'glad-hand' system from one end of the Philippine Archipelago to the other. Wherever he went, it was with the hearty hand-shake and the hand-to-heart talk that went straight to the affections of the simple native.

I well remember when Taft arrived in Iloilo. About a thousand natives in holiday attire welcomed him, also the president of the town, who was a small, dried-up little man, weighing probably eighty pounds. It was with great ceremony that big Taft was handed from the steam launch to an open carriage. As he sat down he seemed to expand and spread all over the seat until almost nothing could be seen of the mummified little Filipino who sat next to him.

After a drive through the town—of course Taft had been grasping the hand of every one he could reach—they arrived at



Taft Attends the Union Church on Sunday.

the president's home. Taft started to alight first, and as he bucked out of the carriage one side it sank down, lower and lower, the little president following close up. Finally Taft was on the step. The nervous little Filipino was trying to give assistance. Suddenly Taft removed his great weight from the step and the open carriage snapped back to its original position with a sudden jerk. The little president, just as if he had jumped off from a spring-board, shot over the other side of the open rig into the street.

There was no doubt that the big Secretary wanted to laugh, but that was out of the question. As they walked into the house together, Taft, genial as usual, said: "I know you were getting impatient waiting for me. It's my misfortune to be big, clumsy, and slow. If I could only get down to your manly size, my dear Mr. President, if I were as nimble and spry as you, I would always make my exit like that." And Taft rippled all over with joy as he started to distribute glad hand-shakes to every one within reach.

At Murray Bay he enjoys relaxation and release from official cares. Among his pastimes are golf at which he is an adept, tennis, picnics, taking long strolls and enjoying the splendid outlook from the wide

piazza of his home. Many a summer morning has seen him swinging off down the laurel and wild honeysuckle paths with his arm through a heavy picnic lunch basket and his family beside him. If the master had a holiday, why should not the servants get one too?

On the golf links in careless outing garb—sometimes without a collar—he will play for hours, and it is reported that few men can defeat him on the links. He can make 18 holes in splendid score. He has the gift of humor, can tell a good story himself and is not slow in appreciation of the point or mirth in a tale related by another. Tennis is another hot weather diversion of Mr. Taft, and in this recreation his young son, Charlie, can generally vanquish his father.

Many stories, some of them true and others probably conjured up, are told of the stalwart Republican candidate. He has never been known to visit a barber shop if there was any other way to get shaved. "Yes," he said recently, "I wish that I could cut my own hair, too. I always shave myself." The bulky Secretary does not bestow tips for every-day services. He is not niggardly in the matter of personal expenditure, but he is not a friend to the too prevalent and annoying habit of giving a hand-out to those who perform ordinary attentions for which they are well paid. On the high road to success, prosperity and home building he has been greatly helped by his thoughtful and tactful wife. Mr. Taft, a score of years ago, was an attorney with his future to make. When he received



Mr. and Mrs. Taft on their Piazza.

a liberal retainer or a generous fee he would bring it home. Tossing the bank notes into the lap of his spouse he would, out of the largeness of his heart, exclaim: "There, my dear, go and get some pretty clothes—a barrel full of 'em." His faithful companion would, perhaps, buy herself a new gown, but the major portion of the donation was stowed away for a rainy day. Thus they worked hand in hand in the great labor of home building and providing for any future contingency or needs. Mr. Taft is an optimist and has abiding faith in American people and American institutions.

An interesting point is that, while he has for years spent his summers at Murray Bay, will be, in the event of being elevated to the Presidency, be able to occupy his lodge on the St. Lawrence? It is an unwritten law that the President during his tenure of office does not leave the territory over which his jurisdiction extends. The head of the Administration has never done so, although there is no statute against his roaming beyond his own domains, should he desire to travel. The question is an interesting one, and the query arises, would he President de facto while away? Would not the Vice-President have to temporarily discharge the duties and relations of that exalted office, sign all official papers and for the time being act as official executive? When the Governor-General of Canada strays beyond the confines of the broad Dominion some one—generally a judge of



Mr. Taft, his Daughter Helen and Son Charles.



On the Dock to See the Arrival of the Boat. Secretary Taft, his Brother Charles P. Taft, and his Daughter.

the Supreme Court or the Minister of Justice, is sworn in as Administrator pro tem. Should the President of the United States seek rest and health abroad during his regime, he could not, it is imagined, exercise while away the executive powers and judicial privileges of his position. This is the view generally accepted, and no President of Uncle Sam's domain has, within the memory of the present generation, been "lost, strayed or stolen." If successful in the contest next November, Mr. Taft will probably have to pass his summers for the next few years on American soil or on some soil over which his country possesses a protective or satrapical authority. In other words, the destination of his pleasure peregrinations will be limited by his jurisdiction. Such being the situation—unless precedent is shattered—the habitants of Murray Bay as well as the periodical so-

journalers at this delightful retreat, will sadly miss him and the charming members of his happy household. The French-Canadian villagers, who know the jovial, kind-hearted Secretary as simply "M'sieur Taft," will mourn the removal of a lively member of the heterogeneous group who go down to the dock to witness that event of the day—the incoming of the boat. At the little church which he attends on Sunday and modestly declines a front pew, even when conducted to it, preferring much to sit near the rear, he will also be much missed, while on the golf grounds, the streets and in the stores—in fact, in all places where folk most do congregate—his absence will be regretfully felt, for, does not Murray Bay, in many respects, look upon the possible President as her very own?



Jacques Cartier Square, Nelson Monument and City Hall, Montreal.

A Man Who Stands by His Convictions

Some Outstanding Characteristics of the Man who is Head of the Commercial Capital of Canada.
— Mayor Payette of Montreal is Rich in Prophetic Vision and a Leader who Really Leads — An Enthusiastic French-Canadian who Took Prominent Part in the Recent Tercentenary Celebrations.

By C. D. Clark.

SOLITUDE.

The solitude of hills, or of the sea,
The solitude of dense far-reaching woods,
Have taught in them of loneliness for me,
Who love the songs of elemental moods.

Out in the city streets, where myriad feet
Pass here and yon in hurried onward press,
Tis there I find a wilderness complete,
And taste the woes of utter loneliness.

— John Kendrick Bays in the Cosmopolitan.

"EVERY man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor, of character. Every man knowing he is useful, admires himself."

These wise words were reported to have been spoken by Mr. Louis Payette, Mayor of Montreal, when referring to the value of technical schools. They serve well to preface a reference to him, now that he has been prominently in the light that blazes on conspicuous people; partly through his strong service to the city and partly through his speeches in Paris and at Quebec in connection with the Tercentenary celebrations.

To be Chief Magistrate of Canada's

greatest city, the place where he was born, 54 years ago; to have accumulated a comfortable competence and to be honored and respected by all who know him, is the enviable lot of Mr. Payette, who is that rare product in civic life to-day—an honest man. At the Commercial Academy of the Christian Brothers at Montreal, an even featured, dark-haired, good-looking boy is remembered especially for his exemplary conduct; his aptitude and accuracy in mathematics; his keen appreciation of relative values, and his cautious, penetrating observation, all of which characteristics have marked him in his successful life work as builder and contractor. His father was a successful contractor, and it is not surprising that he began early in the work. Prior to branching out for himself, he managed his father's business. Young Payette

saw into the future away back in the eighties and early qualified himself by a special course in architecture and mathematics suited for construction. What a man does is what he is. Thus much of Mayor Payette's character is revealed in what he has done and what he is doing.

Thrill was in the young man's blood. Behind that broad, energetic forehead was born an earning capacity that made itself felt early. Long before the restlessness of coming manhood led him to visit the United States on a business widening pursuit, he was operating in the market as one of the leading builders in Montreal. Education is a matter of desire, and young Payette traveled about the big cities of the United States observing by practical methods the art of construction. He noted how to build big things, such as railways, bridges, docks and wharves. The wanderlust satisfied, he returned to Montreal where activities were calling him. He had mastered the builder's art. Structure followed structure, and his name became one to conjure with in construction. So then when the C.P.R. were a little particular about the erection of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Mr. Payette was given the contract. So perfectly was the work done right on time and without a hitch, it was only a matter of time when the Place Viger Station and hotel in Montreal was placed to his credit. He also completed the fine extensions to the Windsor Street stations and offices; the C.P.R. Telegraph building on Hospital Street, and many others, including the St. Laurent College, La Presse building, St. Louis School, Hochelaga Bank of Quebec, and other bank buildings in Ontario, to say nothing of many sumptuous residences dotted all over the City of Montreal and other cities in Eastern Ontario and Quebec. His own private residence on Laval Avenue, Montreal, is a model and speaks for the man. Not only is it magnificent from an architectural point of view, but it is absolutely covered with flowers of various descriptions. Again the character of the man is shown by silent symbols. Glimpse inside the house and more is revealed of the Mayor's aesthetic qualities. On every side art signs of simple elegance and good taste. Lovers of art would at once be struck by the paintings by Canadian artists, the works of Maurice Cullen, Cote and dozens of others who have been

helped and practically encouraged by Mr. Payette. In fact, on his recent visit to Europe, his secretary remarked that the Mayor declined to purchase when in Paris, any pictures of artists not Canadians. His house is replete with other works of art, but this aid of helping Canadians deserves all praise. The Mayor loves good books, is proud of his literary France; joys in fine miniatures, in portraiture, and above all, delights in the art divine, being himself a violinist. When he really wishes to forget his civic worries he resorts to his violin, and he is no mean student of the instrument. All his life from his direct and truthful childhood, firmness of character and honesty of motives have ruled his life.

He was early in life considered a leader among his own people, and as he matured, his interests were notable in schools, churches and society generally. Along in 1900 he was noticed especially for a public utterance which was to the effect that the world had reached a point where as a vital problem, the production of wealth was secondary to the question of how it should be distributed. It was, then, a natural sequence, a cumulative consequence, that when St. Louis Division desired a good alderman in 1902 he was elected readily. His presence in the City Council was felt at once. Sane, cool, courageous and serenely hopeful, Ald. Payette listened to everybody, made no sign, and then did what he thought best, which was often directly opposite to his advisors. Time almost without fail, proved his judgment to be correct. He is inclined to be so strong in his defence of his views as to be called stubborn, yet he is rich in prophetic vision. He succeeded Mayor Laporte as chairman of the Finance Committee, and Mr. Laporte styled him as the strongest leader of the Council Montreal ever had. He was one of the few leaders who really did lead. He never spoke out of his turn. When the time came for him to act he hit the nail on the head and generally carried his point or had it done for him. It was again a sequence that last February when Mayor Ekers resigned that he heartily endorsed Mr. Payette as candidate for Mayor. He was elected by a handsome majority and was supported by the wealthiest and most influential men of the city.

During Mayor Ekers' regime, Mr. Pay-



Louis Payette, Mayor of Montreal

ette was a power to all his ruling. When the trying problem of making a satisfactory contract with the Light, Heat & Power Co.—the contract of a monopoly—was before the Finance Committee, it will be remembered that Ald. Payette brought in experts from McGill and elsewhere to test the situation. He spent nights in sitting over this matter, and finally when he was ready he went before the City Council and made a proposal which at the time was not appreciated. He had the courage to stand up and defend his plan by saying that the Light, Heat & Power Company had the city by the throat and it behooved the Council to make the best possible bargain of the inevitable. The daily press fumed and stormed, declaring that he was in the hands of the monopolists, but the solid chairman of the committee faltered not. Again, as in every single case, time has proven him to be correct. Next November the contract made two years ago with this Light, Heat & Power Company expires. Nothing is being done to renew that contract, which was for \$60 per arc lamp per year. Never in the wide world, so the writer is informed by one of the Power Company's leading men, will this contract be renewed at less than \$90 or \$100 per lamp. Had Mr. Payette's proposition been given attention at the time, it was a case of signing a ten or twenty-year contract at the \$60 rate. It is the old story of being misunderstood and being bigger than one's environment. Character is evolved best by those who forget character and loose their lives in public service. Privately, the Mayor favors a Board of Control, and is a bitter enemy of the patronage system now in vogue at the City Hall. Grafters get no sympathy from the Mayor. His reputation is unflinched. He is generous to a fault to all suffering people and his donations to the leading charities, regardless of creed or race, would run into very large sums. His opposition at the Mayorality contest was fanatical, and it must have been satisfactory to Mayor Payette, not only to have won easily, but to find that a few months after, that the man who wanted to be Mayor and who had villified not only himself, but former Mayor Ekers, was arrested on a serious charge of defrauding a bank of which he was manager.

To be close to Mayor Payette is like ranging alongside a sensitive, highly strung

mechanism electrified with life, so suggestive is he of sustained power and action. His walk is deliberate and yet quick; he is well built and straight, well groomed and keen appearing. Clear and cool of eye, immobile of visage, firm of jaw, with an unyielding mouth, his face is, nevertheless, flooded with kindness. He talks in a low, soft voice, through which runs a genuine and attractive French accent, and there is about him the sense of fine courtesy so characteristic of his race. In short, he is adamant and velvet, a bad man to have for an enemy, but a good one to have for a friend. He is life governor of Notre Dame Hospital, is a J.P., a member of and officer in a dozen or more important French benevolent and fraternal orders, including Union St. Joseph and the Artesans. He is a member of the leading clubs, French and English, and a director of several leading financial and other corporations.

He lost his only son at the age of 25 years, who was a musician of great merit and known well in artistic circles in Montreal.

His only daughter is at present in Paris where she accompanied her distinguished father during June last at the Tercentenary celebrations. She remained there after the father returned home. Mayor Payette made a notable speech in Paris which was quoted all over the world. When he returned on July 8th to attend the celebrations in Quebec, he gave the following interesting interview:

"From every point of view my visit to France has been crowned with success. Wherever I have been I have not failed to tell our brethren overseas that we are today part and parcel of the great French people, that we remain devoted to our motherland, but that we are loyally attached to England, which has never put any obstacles in the way of our expression of our devotion to France.

"The celebration at the Sorbonne, on June 14th last was a brilliant success, of which the Duplex Committee, who organized it, have every reason to be proud. Canada, her past, her present and her future, afforded us a subject for discussion for three hours before three thousand Frenchmen. This has produced in France a strong movement sympathetic to Canada, and it is easy to understand now how the visits of our great public men, such as Sir



Residence of Mayor Payette, Montreal.

Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Messrs. R. Prefontaine, J. I. Tarte, L. P. Brodeur, R. Lemieux, W. S. Fielding and Lomer Gouin have left behind them deep impressions by which our country cannot fail to profit.

"During my sojourn in Paris, London and Brussels, I interested myself keenly in several matters of interest to Montreal—above all, those concerning the issue of our loans and the improvement of our roads as well as the general improvement and embellishment of our city. I found that on the other side of the Atlantic they do not enter upon such matters without having first prepared and approved of a general scheme, and that the work done each separate year always conforms to the principles of this general scheme. In this way their cities are made beautiful for strangers' eyes to behold. I propose to make certain representations to the City Council on this subject at a later date.

"Accompanied by Mr. Doumic, I had the pleasure of meeting the Minister of Fine Arts in Paris. We asked him to endow Montreal with a number of plaster casts for our proposed museum, and with the assistance of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, we have reason to believe that our requisition will be successful. In London I made the same request to the British authorities.

"This spring there has been a more than usual invasion of Paris by visitors, and the cost of living has increased consider-

ably in consequence. On the streets all languages are spoken, English above all, for Americans and Englishmen are unquestionably in a great majority among the tourists. The 'eulenic cordials' between France and Great Britain is a very real and live sentiment to-day, so much so that, as a French writer has pointedly said: 'Both countries are held together by the Channel.' '(Les deux pays se tiennent par la Manche.)'

"In London, apart from a colony of a hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen, there is a large number of French tourists fraternizing with the English everywhere, but more than anywhere else at the Franco-British exhibition, which is being held in London at the present time.

"This exhibition, which I have visited and gone over in detail, has been a brilliant success, and my Canadian pride was flattered when I saw that the most impressive pavilion, and the one most beautifully decorated, was that of my own country. Those who conceived the idea of holding this exhibition and put it into execution deserve our heartiest congratulations, for their success has been complete."

Mr. Rene Basset, the assistant city clerk, who accompanied the Mayor as secretary, is equally enthusiastic over the tour, and he, too, was particularly impressed and flattered, as a Canadian, by the splendor of the Canadian pavilion at the Franco-British exhibition, London.

Study the Art of Compliment

If we Hope to Get Much Enjoyment out of Social Life we Must Take the Trouble to Show Ourselves Well Disposed and Must Know How to Turn Indifferent and Insignificant Occasions to Account.

From the London Spectator.

DURING the last few generations the cultivated world has lost something of its frank appetite for praise. Dr. Johnson's acquaintance who made a living by writing flattering dedications and selling them for a fee to literary aspirants would be unemployed to-day. Ready-made compliments do not please the majority. We have become incredulous. Doubts about our own talents and virtues are easily aroused. We cannot enjoy flattery unless the flatterer can persuade us, if not that we merit his encomium, at least that he means it; and we cannot give strong praise unless we can persuade ourselves that it is more or less deserved. Bribery and servility, of course, exist; but they are at a discount among the educated. A former generation were like schoolboys. The upper classes could swallow any kind of sweet thing with which the literary pastry-cooks of their day could present them. The more lascivious it was the better they liked it and the more highly they paid for it. What the great ask for and accept becomes acceptable in a lower class. In many ways speech was rougher than it is now. An age of compliments was also an age of insolence, and perhaps extremes of bitterness and sweetness in some degree counteracted one another. Nowadays we have become more refined. We could not stand the blows, nor stomach the praise, of the past. Flattery which we perceive to be flattery covers us with confusion—unless, indeed, we belong to very conspicuous places in the world, and the sugary offering is wrapped in a newspaper.

No doubt the times have changed for the better. With inevitable intervals for reaction, the times always do. Yet there was

something to be said for the frankness of another day. We all profess so much unconscionableness now, and the profession is something of a sham. The great are still conscious of their rank, the rich of their power, the gifted of their talents, and all but very good people of their virtues. They are more than ever anxious to be reassured as to the real worth of all these advantages. So many disturbing doubts have lately been instilled into the public mind. Have they a right to their money? Most rich men are conscientiously convinced that they have, but the atmosphere is full of questions, and confirmation is agreeable even to the convinced. Is there anything real at the back of the notion of birth? All highly born people, and very many others, think that there is a great deal, but the matter is, as every one admits, arguable. Talent is commoner than it used to be, and its degrees are matters of opinion. As to virtue, an uncomfortable idea is gaining ground that men must be judged by the amount of good they do rather than the harm they leave undone. Altogether, we are all as anxious as ever for polite assurances, only we cannot accept just any sort. "How great and mainly in your Lordship is your contempt for popular applause." Dryden wrote to Lord Shaftesbury—a sentence which could no longer be written by any literary man to any lord in creation. The recipient would laugh, though he might still like to have the idea more delicately conveyed to him. A noble Lord of to-day who read a dedication beginning: "I fear it may be considered a boast rather than an acknowledgment to say that I have received the highest honors from the Lord T—," would think that a begging-letter had been,



by a printer's error, substituted for a preface. Snobishness has taken new forms. Society has, at least in theory, been democratized. Moral monopolies are claimed no longer. We are all sure, whoever we are, that we have as much right as any one to all the gifts and all the virtues, and, in theory at least, do not think them unbecoming in any one. The following complimentary epitaph, written by the poet Thomson for the tomb of a great lady would be nowadays impossible. She possessed, we read, "virtues which in her sex and station were all that could be practised, and more than will be believed!" We hear a good deal to-day about the antagonism between the sexes; but no one would venture to suggest that the greatest even of the pre-eminent masculine virtues was "unbelievable" in a woman, and no one regards any virtue as quite impracticable (or unseemly) even in a duchess.

Gemins, of course, can always rise above fashion. The fashion of extravagant praise could not mar the beauty of Ben Jonson's poems. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" has not lost a ray of lustre in three hundred years, nor have the beautiful verses which Ben Jonson wrote to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, telling her how he had imagined a perfect heroine:

"I meant to make her fair and free and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great.
I meant the day star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like effluence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride."

and then declaring that he has found his ideal in his patroness.

There is still an art of compliment, and it is still practised worthily and unworthily. The flatterer of to-day deals little in words. He acts, and, above all, he imitates. We all imitate each other with a pitiful diffidence. All classes try to dress alike, talk alike, and

even think alike. With a sad want of dignity, men and women fear to take their own line—to show the kind of hospitality which best befits their incomes, to wear the clothes most convenient for their work, to talk upon the subjects which interest them, to express the disapprovals which the class above them ridicule, and the admirations which offend the fashion-leaders of literature and art. Where the many are thus influenced by the fashion of imitation, it is not wonderful that the few become flatterers. Clinging to individuals who are, as they think, above them, they study to please by all permissible means, find new methods of offering incense, and by copying closely proclaim their sense of their model's perfection.

The art of compliment may, however, be well worth the study of all those who value the pleasantness of life above its pleasures. Graciousness is never out of fashion. We must tell our friends from time to time what we think of them. There are reserves which blight the whole beauty of life. But we must be at the pains to tell them in the right way, for friendship, in some of its aspects is an art. Again, if we hope to get much enjoyment out of social life we must take the trouble to show ourselves well disposed, and must know how to turn indifferent and insignificant occasions to account. This cannot be done without consideration. A "pretty speech" is a form of present, one of those little gifts which, according to the French saying, cement great friendships; and when one desires to make a present it is well while to try to find out what will best please. They are happier who know by instinctive sympathy, but surely those who take pains to find out have nothing to be ashamed of. Setting aside the great essentials of happiness, health, family affection, and the love of work, it is probable that nothing—no amusement and no hobby and no "pursuit"—contributes so much to the pleasantness of life as the traffic in kind speeches. It may become an affectation or even an insincerity, but as long as it is kept within due limits by the allied spirits of frankness and common-sense, it makes for peace, good-fellowship, and contentment, and is part of the art of life.

How She Answered the Call of Home

The Method by Which a City Stenographer Saved a Return Ticket and Convicted Her Flattering Associates That all is Not Gold Which Glistens.

By Carl Williams.

"I SUPPOSE that all this seems very tiresome to you," said pretty Nelly Briggs as she slipped into a chair beside Carol. "It's not much like your swell parties in the city. They must be grand."

Carol smiled and nodded an absent-minded answer. She was beginning to hate the face she was playing. Ill-health had sent her back to Broadwater, and her old associates in the little town had taken it for granted that because her few dresses were well tailored and her feminine knick-knacks were better than those sold at the Boston Store, she had prospered mightily.

She had not told them that the dresses were last year's styles purchased at the bargain counter after infinite sacrifice, and that the knick-knacks which seemed so precious in Broadwater eyes were the odds and ends of remnant sales. She had permitted them to believe that her life was one round of gayety, and it was all that they in their wasteful imaginings pictured.

She was beginning to hate herself for the acted lie. At first it had been very pleasant to receive the homage of her associates; to read the nice things that were said about her in the Broadwater Bulletin, and to speak grandly of "in town," but now she found that it had set her upon a pedestal apart from the rest and she was minded to step down and mingle with the crowd.

Only two days remained of her vacation, and this dance had been arranged in her honor, marking the termination of a round of festivities. As the guest of honor Carol shared her dances impartially with all applicants, dividing a dance between three or four of the boys, but Nelly's remark had dampened her pleasure in her belshup.

It was not at all like the parties in the

city. The town hall was no more dingy than the places at which were held the only dances she attended. More, it was clean and bright, and no insistent calls of the waiter jarred the sensibilities and reminded the merry-maker that patronage of the bar was considered indispensable.

A piano and cornet constituted the orchestra, and they were playing last year's selections. Carol smiled as she contrasted their playing with the fifteen-piece bands at the summer parks near town, but the atmosphere was altogether different, and with a sigh she realized that in a few days she would be going back to the tawdry glitter of the city, where she was only one of the lookers-on at the real events, and where her own field was restricted to the people in her boarding house, the few congenial girls in the church club to which she belonged and the half-dozen men in the office where she spent her days bent over a typewriter.

Seth Morey came up to claim the first half of the next waltz, and as she placed her hand in his he said, as Nelly Briggs had done before him:

"I suppose it all seems foolish to you. I guess you're used to men in dress suits and all that."

Carol thought of the men who danced with their hats on the back of their heads, and only smiled in reply.

"I'm thinking of coming to the city next fall," continued Seth. "I guess I need a little polishing up."

"You're better off where you are," said Carol wearily. "If you'll take my advice, you'll stay here."

"Of course we can't all be as clever as you and get ahead as fast," he said, stiffly.

"There's Tommy Madigan. I think he has the second chance at this dance."

Carol knew as well as Seth that Tommy was not next in turn, but she accepted the exchange and went whirling about the hall with him, while Seth sat in a corner, glowering upon the crowd of dancers, and fiercely assured himself that he was foolish to imagine that a girl like Carol would care for a country fellow like himself, after she had met so many smart men in the city.

Humbly he admitted the truth of her suggestion that he could not make progress in town, and he succeeded in becoming thoroughly miserable.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked as she came from the dressing room in her smart coat and furs.

"If—if you won't be cross again," assented Carol, slipping her arm through his. "You know very well," she added as they descended the stairs, "that Tommy Madigan was not next on my list, and yet you got angry because I urged you to stay at home instead of trying your luck in town."

"I know I was foolish," he assented a little sadly. "I'd stand no chance with those city-bred fellows. You always were clever and could get ahead."

"It isn't that," explained Carol. "I'm going to tell you all about it, Seth. It's all been a big mistake. Everybody up here supposes that I am doing so well that I can afford to come home for a rest without waiting for the summer vacation. That's not it at all."

"But you're here, and it's only April," he reminded her.

"I'm here," she went on, "because I broke down trying to live and dress myself and do everything on seven dollars a week. I had to have nice clothes or I could not get a place. I had to put my money on my back instead of into my food. They have no use for a girl who does not convey the impression that the office is a prosperous one. I'm sick and tired of it all and I loathe the idea of going back."

"You wouldn't care to stay on here," he declared incredulously. "You don't have

half the fun. This was a big event to-night for us. Just contrast it with the times you have in town."

"I have, that's what makes me so miserable," she confessed. "In town I don't go to the great balls you read about, unless it's to stand outside in the street and catch a glimpse of the rich people as they go in. My balls are in halls smaller than this town hall, and they're horrid. When I go to the theatre it's to climb to the top gallery to hang over the rail and see only a part of the stage."

"And you'd rather stay here, in Broadwater?" he asked. "You'd rather live in this sleepy old town than in the city, with all the lights and life?"

Carol looked about her. An April rain that afternoon had left the air cool and sweet. The scent of moist earth and of growing things filled the air with fragrance and the moon touched with kindly light the little huddle of houses gleaming white against the soft, new green of the budding trees.

Then she thought of the city, with its noisome streets, the trenches smelling of gas pipes and sewers, of the reeking pavements and the harsh glare of the electric lights.

"You don't know—the city," she said, with a little sob in her voice. "It's a vampire, merciless and menacing. It sucks your life blood and throws you aside for fresh victims."

"Then why go back?" asked Seth quietly. "I haven't spoken before because I thought that you never would be content with Broadwater again, but if you want to stay, dear, can't you stay—as my wife?"

"I have the return half of my ticket," she objected. "I can't waste that."

"I'll get one, too," he suggested, "and we'll go together—on our honeymoon."

"I'd like to go back to the city—for a honeymoon," said Carol shyly. "It seems a shame—to waste the ticket."

"We'll save it," cried Seth jubilantly. "I'm grateful to the city, since it sent you back home—to me."

What Cities are Doing for Their Children

How Play Grounds, Roof and School Gardens are Being Established Which Will Result in a Better and Stronger Type of Youthful Citizenship—The Moral Influence and Uplift Will be Almost as Great as the Physical.

By George Ethelbert Walsh in the Craftsman Magazine.

ONE of the most urgent problems the modern city has to face is the need of making such provision for its children that they will develop morally and physically into good citizens. A "childless city" is an inconceivable proposition; yet, if we are to accept the conclusions of some writers, the little ones are not wanted and their presence in the streets constitutes a public nuisance. But no one can quite imagine "race suicide" carried to the extent of totally eliminating all the boys and girls from our cities, so must a solution of the problem gradually work itself out.

In New York especially, the "race suicide" question is of secondary importance to the problem of what to do with the children already with us. A picture of a crowded street in the tenement districts is illuminative. In the foreground and background there are children—babes in the arms of mothers, boys and girls playing in the middle of the street, mischievous urchins climbing fire-escapes or fighting among themselves, half-grown children lazily gossiping or hanging around the corner saloons, all trying to find some outlet for their animal spirits. The middle of the street in some sections is so crowded by children at play that it is almost impossible for a wagon to thread its way through them safely at any speed greater than two or three miles an hour. The toot of an automobile horn is a signal for a general rush for the sidewalks, accompanied by pushing and shoving that endangers the lives of the smaller ones. Through some of these crowded thoroughfares run street car lines, and it is manifestly not so much the carelessness of motorists as it is the fault of present congested conditions that

an annual toll of many innocent lives is exacted by our street railway companies.

In summer the condition of the tenement children is rendered almost unbearable. The sultry temperature drives them from stuffy tenements, and the hot pavements scorch and hurt them. They attempt to play a little in the shadow of the brick walls of their home in the early morning and late afternoon hours, but at midday they become languid and slothful. At night they seek the roofs and fire-escapes where they may catch a little of the passing breeze, and through the torture of it all they slumber fitfully until the dawn of another day repeats the story.

The city owes certain debts to the children which are just beginning to be realized. They are not intellectual debts, but physical and moral. The physical debt has been contracted through the artificial environment imposed upon the children. The cities have attempted to rob them of their birthright of free and independent expression of their physical natures. They have taken away their playgrounds, their fields and woods, their trout and fishing streams, their very dooryards. The result has been that the children have degenerated morally and physically, and the citizens of the future must suffer as a consequence. The work of restoring these natural rights to the city children must develop through years of planning and far-sighted policies, and the children mutely demand it. It was no choosing of theirs that they were brought into the world between brick walls and hot pavements.

Children, to retain their physical, moral and mental balance, must have breathing and exercising space and a normal de-

velopment of all their faculties through association with natural conditions. This is the problem which many cities are seeking to solve. Compulsory physical exercise does not always produce the desired results. The physical training in public schools for this reason falls far short of the ideal. The children find no pleasure in it, for to make pleasure out of exercise the imagination must be stimulated. This is best accomplished in games, and outdoor games under congenial surroundings are always the most productive of good.

Taking all the factors together it is the city's duty to provide open air playgrounds for its children, workshops for the development of their creative instincts, farms and gardens for the healthful exercise in the cultivation of new life, and places of amusement, such as indoor gymnasiums, bowling alleys and swimming pools for recreation in winter. These are the things which the normal country child has provided for him by the very nature of his environment, and the city has robbed its children of them through artificial conditions, and these are the things that must be restored if the children of the cities are to produce types of future citizens the nation needs.

New York is facing the problem acutely. Chicago is only a little better off, and the other large cities are treading the same thorn-strewn road. The park systems are being extended at a great expenditure of public money, and these breathing spaces are being more and more used for the children. Not many years ago the parks of New York City were beautiful places to look at and pleasant strolling grounds, but they were not in any sense of the word playgrounds. To-day they are turned over to thousands of children for open-air recreation. Any day in spring, summer and fall, tennis, baseball, cricket, lacrosse and other games are in progress in Central, Van Cortlandt, Riverside and other municipal parks. The old sign, "keep off the grass," is rapidly disappearing. The city is partly atoning for its past neglect of the children by opening the parks for their unalloyed pleasure. The change has in no way injured the parks, but rather has increased their value by making them useful as well as ornamental. In the boroughs of Bronx and Queens provision is being made to accommodate the vast army of children

who in the near future will people the outlying districts. New York is spending millions for its parks where a few years ago it spent thousands. It is true that these expenditures are made only indirectly in the interest of the children, but whether they have this purpose distinctly in view or not they must prove a blessing for future generations of boys and girls.

The small parks in the congested districts of the city are of more importance in the solution of the city-child problem than the larger playgrounds in the outlying districts. The few additional "breathing places" on the East Side of New York where open air gymnasiums are established have proved a great boon to the little ones. The river front parks, with their free swimming and bathing houses, have cost the city millions of dollars in the past ten years, but they no more than represent a part of the debt the city owes its children. The contemplated extension of these parks and swimming piers includes also more recreation piers, indeed, the need of the city is for sufficient recreation piers, river front parks and swimming places to accommodate the whole population of boys and girls. Within the next ten years many more millions of dollars will be expended in this direction.

Chicago has had similar experiences with her small parks and recreation centres. The attempt made in that city to provide within the city limits a comprehensive system of small places for the recreation of the poor is the most costly yet undertaken by any municipality. The fourteen recreation centres have already cost Chicago seven million dollars and from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars annually to maintain each one. In these playgrounds there are clubhouses, gymnasiums, baths and athletic grounds. The attendance on all pleasant days has been so large that the city authorities feel that the money has been wisely invested. The extension of this system of outdoor recreation centres for children is now being considered, and as fast as the money is appropriated new small parks will be opened and equipped. Chicago is better prepared to cope with such an experiment than New York, for it has no such narrow congested section as the lower East Side of the metropolis, and the cost of land for park

purposes in the poorer quarters is much less.

The question of establishing outdoor recreation centres in the older parts of New York is one that involves an immense outlay of funds, and the solution of the problem must be reached in other ways. One that has been suggested is to utilize the roofs for playgrounds. Half a dozen schools have playgrounds on their roofs, and many commercial buildings have roof gardens and gymnasiums where young and old can play at games at the noon hour. But to make this innovation of real value to the children of our cities the roof playgrounds would have to be planned on a comprehensive scale. At present there are many acres of flat roofs which are wasted. The construction of extensive systems of playgrounds on these by the city would relieve the congestion in the streets below and make the mortality among children far less than it is to-day. No city has yet made any extensive attempt to utilize the roof space for park purposes and playgrounds, but New York is reaching the point where it must look for more space either above the ground or below. It is not likely that the children's playgrounds will be placed underground and the only other place left is above on the city's roof.

Architects no longer leave out of consideration the question of utilizing the flat roofs, and many of the new buildings designed have model roof gymnasiums and gardens. Some of the model tenements are provided with similar equipments where the occupants can safely turn their children loose to play. A number of new plans of model tenements now under consideration will emphasize the use of the roofs for recreation centres more than ever. These contemplate the building of complete outdoor gymnasiums, gardens and playgrounds for the younger children, including trees and plants, all surrounded by a high wall to prevent accidents. In the summer time these roof gardens of the tenements could be utilized for sleeping purposes, and it is proposed to erect poles thereon so that several tiers of hammocks can swing to the cool breeze. The importance given to the value of outdoor sleeping for consumptives and others suffering from pulmonary ills has led to the consideration of such improvements in the tenements. It is one of the surest methods of combating

the "white plague" now so threatening to the densely crowded tenement people.

One of the greatest needs of boys and girls in our cities is the opportunity to cultivate the soil and learn the secrets of nature's growth and development. The work of making flowers and plants grow has long been recognized as having great influence in awakening dormant faculties in the child's mind. The country boy is brought up under such environment that he learns from infancy secrets of nature which the city boy of the tenements may never understand. Years ago the present movement to bring nature closer into the lives of the poor children was started by encouraging the growth of flowers in pots and boxes. On a summer's day one may see the window sills of the poorest tenement houses decorated with flowers and green plants. The fidelity with which some of the poor will tend their few plants indicates their appreciation of even such glimpses of nature. Following this cultivation of plants in the tenements, the public school authorities took up the question of teaching students in the schools the art of flower and plant cultivation from seeds. Some of the schools have excellent gardens in their windows where the children daily get practical illustrations of how nature increases her species year after year.

But this has not been enough, and the school garden has been evolved from the few indoor attempts at window gardening. The school garden has flourished in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and many other towns and cities. The first school garden was started seven years ago under the auspices of the Boston Normal School. To-day there are a dozen such gardens in Boston and the suburbs where boys and girls have the opportunity to do manual work and learn real gardening and farming. The school garden as a factor in village improvement has spread throughout the land, and scores of small towns and villages have established such gardens for their children. At first these gardens were used only during the warm seasons of the year, but now they are kept open from frost to frost and in a few instances attempts have been made to roof over a part of the land with glass, and carry on operations through some of the cold months.

The establishment of such gardens by

the different cities is no longer in the experimental stage. Their value has been fully demonstrated, and the cities owe it to the children to make such provisions for their welfare. Topography here as in many other respects is an important factor. New York is more hampered in this respect than most cities, but school gardens planned for the boroughs of the Bronx, Richmond and Queens mark the spread of the idea. More and more will the boy of New York and other large cities have the opportunity to "garden" and "farm" his small place even though it is only a few feet square. There are many waste places and empty fields close to the densely populated districts of the cities which could be utilized temporarily for such school gardens and the movement is gaining headway to induce the cities to pre-empt these for the children.

A number of cities have entered more or less tentatively into the work of establishing summer camps for the children within their boundaries. The Fresh Air Fund, which has done such noble work in the past, is not sufficient for the future. It would prove less costly in the end for the cities to acquire wild land within a reasonable distance and establish summer camps for the children where they could spend weeks and months living in tents and out of doors. These summer camps under the control of proper men and women would prove valuable beyond any present estimation. The land could be obtained at a nominal cost and the city could send its charges there every summer, especially the sick and

weak. Camping, farming and playing in the fresh air would within a few short months transform many an undersized and backward child.

These summer camps should multiply in the future as rapidly as parks and recreation centres have in the past. With them will come gardens and workshops. It is estimated by philanthropists who have studied the question that such farms and workshops could within a few years be made almost self-supporting. The handing of tools is a necessary part of every boy's education and instead of compulsory work in the shops it should be made selective.

The duty of our cities has not been thoroughly appreciated in the past, but the boys of the future will have a better time of it than those of the past or even of the present. In return for the immense sums expended in their interest the cities will get better and stronger children. The average type of citizenship will be raised. The moral influence will be almost as great as the physical, and this will affect our percentage of crime. There will be less need to increase our cost of police protection at the present rapid rate and our asylums and hospitals will not be filled so steadily with the wrecks of humanity. The normal child is a strong, healthy animal, physically as well as morally, and anything which robs him of this birthright must be abolished or its influence counteracted. We cannot abolish the city, but we can modify its environments so that it will less systematically and persistently destroy the little ones.

The Failure of the Professional Woman

The Fair Sex is by Temperament Mentally Unfitted for Struggle in the Open Areas—Any Professional Employment has For her the Aspect of a Temporary Make-shift or an Amusement—Her Ultimate Thought Generally is and Should be Marriage.

By Mary O'Connor Newell in Appleton's Magazine.

"THERE was no warmth for me on all those altars. * * * I was always to return to myself, be my own priest, parent, child, husband and wife. * * * The life! the life! Oh, my God! shall the life never be sweet?" Before woman was recognized as a Cause, and long before business barriers were let down for her, she who was given a more immediate intellectual recognition by brilliant men than has ever been accorded to any other American woman, Margaret Fuller, wrote and felt thus. The words sum up the whole conflict of the woman in professional life, which is the almost always enforced choice between public life and the home, between business and true wifehood and motherhood.

Over her own signature, the most admired actress in America to-day writes: "Had I the great decision to make over again—and knew what I know—it would be for those things which would surround me with a family and a few intimate friends. Art denies us the one thing in life that I have come to believe is best worth while, a strong personal influence exerted within a small circle, benefiting a few, and these few supremely."

In answer to the question of what he thought of the woman in business, a man said he had known but three kinds—the kind that married, the discontented, unhappy kind, uneven in its work, and the de-sexed kind. The last, he said, was the only successful kind. It was the third-sex exit from the dilemma that Voltaire took with priests.

The "thoroughly feminine" woman in business, as men regard her, is the most common phenomenon of all, and at the

same time the despair of the statistician. She is one in whom the spirit of coquetry rules, innocently or otherwise. Often she makes a comelike success, through the combination of pretty dress, pretty manners, and a seasoning of professional information which, by wiles too deep for average penetration, she employs with deadly results in conquest. How the staid dictums of Cooley on "Torts" or of Butler on "Diagnostics" could be added to a woman's armory of coquetry is as unfathomable a riddle as woman herself. Marriage, however, swallows up this charming invader with saving frequency.

Others of the kind we see failing and falling into the rear ranks all around us—perennial seekers, permanent applicants, who have not even made a success of a sort, women equal to keeping a home beautifully, but nonetheless, that is, lodging in hall bedrooms, or striving precariously to keep life together and satisfy home instincts in studios or tiny flats, all with bees of restless ambition buzzing in their bosoms.

This sort mostly think that it can paint or write. One woman comes to mind, for years the bane of editors, and still to be feared. Wherever you find her she is keeping house, and doing it well under the most exasperating conditions, such as sharing kitchen privileges or keeping lodgers, just to meet the rent. No caller ever comes so inopportunistly that she will not make tea or lunch for her; and for a him she has been known in the late hours of the evening to concoct a pie, biscuits, or a cake, in pure love of showing off housewifely accomplishments.

There are many of her type, leaving out

"It is not the amount of power we possess that counts. It is the way we use it."

"The duty that lies nearest is often the one we fail to see, yet is the one that most needs doing."

"The secret of life is not to do that which one likes but to try to like what one has to do."

"Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart."

"There would not be so many tired people in the world if men would stop climbing hills before they got to them."



"The natural haven of such women is marriage."

the ability to keep house, which few professional women possess, be it said. They are the care—I was going to say curse—of editors, theatrical managers, art dealers, and business men generally, who dread them for the hopeless work they do, but employ them at intervals, because the womanhood of the women makes its appeal, and because they feel a charitable inclination to avert disaster, for the work of such women is always presented with the intimation, delicately conveyed, that starvation is imminent.

The natural haven of such women is marriage, or else they become hopeless derelicts, and worse, under the guise of following a skilled profession.

Then there is the class of women who do their work bravely and conscientiously, and refuse to trade upon the fact that they are women or seek concessions that would not be made to a man. Neither do they carry their personal troubles to business with them. If mental equipment, training, and health are equal to the demands, they become brilliant lights in their professions. Of such women there are a few, but the fact is, that they are too few to count in the balance. Most professional women of the conscientious, hard-working sort are always tired out and nervous, often sad and discontented, or they fall into the third class, the desexed, as men see them.

We all know her, for she goes everywhere, sees everything, and knows everybody, does her work well as a rule, but whether her work is well done or not, she herself has evolved from a decent, aimless state into a something that dainty women find inexplicable, and that men call "a good fellow," while thanking Heaven in their hearts that all women are not like her.

The desexed woman anchors herself firmly, and experiences a certain complacency in doing so, to the bleachers of life, paying her little quarter as cheerfully as may be. Then she tries to see the game from a man's point of view. She drinks and "skates" just as a man might, sits around until morning in all-night restaurants, exchanges conversation on all subjects, sustains herself with a cocktail on rising and a cigarette at intervals, and tries to believe, and even convinces men, that there is no woman's nonsense about her.

To sheltered women she is incomprehensible. Other women see in her one answer to the problem how to be happy with nothing to think about but work, and are appalled.

Of course, women as a class have not become enmeshed in professional and business life, which are about the same thing, through their own desires, but through the working of economic forces beyond their control. The socialization of home industries has altered women's status, and in many cases forced them upon the world. But in the world they are not making the place for themselves that they formerly held in the home, as equal factors with men. It is clear that, in the professions today, men are quite equal to the demands. There is no function of leadership, in other words, that any woman possesses that some man cannot exercise as well as she. The doors of opportunity are being closed to her again, because opinion seems to have crystallized into the belief that woman has not "made good," in the sense that she can stand alone, well supported, successful, and unanxious, upon her own work. One does not mean necessarily that the professional woman has failed, that she has not earned a living, or made a reputation, or both, but that she has not made herself an indispensable part of professional life, a factor of undisputed worth.

The opinion even of women on this subject is strangely unanimous. They are not satisfied with the position in which they stand in business nor with what they stand for. They have become unsettled about themselves and their ability to fight successfully shoulder to shoulder with men, given the opportunity, and are looking to themselves, for a wonder, to see if the explanation lies within.

Woman has failed to "make good" her pretensions to consideration as an independent leader and thinker in the professions and in business. Almost nowhere in the high places do we find women. Very few are they among physicians of note, few among lawyers, and few as executive heads of colleges or holders of professorial chairs, few among the ranks of editors. And in the teaching and newspaper fields they have had great opportunities, whatever may be the case to-day. As actresses, they seem to be made or marred at the will of the manager, as was exemplified in a

recent noted case. They have had control of fortunes; they have had away in kitchens; they have always taught; they have always acted; yet men are the great financiers, cooks, teachers, managers of theatres. In no profession are women independent factors, standing on their worth, snapping their fingers at clamor, as certain strong professional men do, whom to name would be invidious. "Here's to woman, once our superior, now our equal," is true neither of what it alleges of the past, nor what it asserts of the present.

George Meredith says in one of his novels: "The men called great who have risen to distinction, are not men of brains, but men of aptitude." Whether this be true of men or not, it is eminently true of many business women, in this sense, that women of mediocre abilities in their professional line are those who shine most brilliantly in the limelight of publicity, through the exercise of "aptitude."

The fields of club life and municipal charities have been the forum used by ambitious women to give the impression of professional success not really theirs. Just as public opinion often proclaims a successful politician to be a great lawyer, so the newspaper has often built up for a successful club woman with letters after her name, a reputation as a leader in her chosen profession.

Upon examination, it turns out that the success of a great many women of wide professional repute is only club-made or municipal-charity earned. The leading women of any profession are of necessity too busy, as a rule, to have time for clubs or active public life. By this no unkind reflection is intended, merely the statement of one fact. The fact of the usefulness of the philanthropic work to which club women devote themselves is evidenced by the splendid mass of philanthropic legislation in which it has resulted. An eminent lawyer said not long ago: "I was inclined to take the club woman lightly until certain investigations brought me into the field of legislation for children and dependents, and I noted that the vast body of it had been engineered by women through clubs. Since then, I take off my hat to the woman's club."

"Lots of girls don't succeed in work because they don't believe in work." This explanation of woman's non-success came

from one end of the scale of working women. "Women don't know anything—very much," said the cleverest business woman I know, when asked for a clue to the cause of failure in general. "Kipling's 'Lord, what do they understand?' applies to more women than the objectionable servant girls he spoke about," said she. "Not that I believe that men have all the brains, but their experience in a shrewd worldly environment helps to conceal what they don't know, whereas woman's evolution from simple home surroundings favors exaggerating her ignorance."

A wonderfully capable, retired woman physician, who, too, holds that women have not lived up to the promise of earlier years in the professions, gave this answer: "Women expect too much for too little work. They are the victims of their vanity. They think they should know intuitively everything that a man is content to learn by long experience. They expect the success of a lifetime for a few years' work. They will not 'dig,' they will not wait."

Putting his head to the problem, a man writes thus judiciously: "Women will not take the same trouble as men to protect their industrial efficiency. They are mentally lazy, though capable of extraordinary endurance when impelled by sympathy or affection."

It comes about this, that woman will not pay the price of success, for one reason or another.

To begin with, women are temperamentally unfitted for struggle in the open arena. They are and ever will be, as long as they are attractive, lovely and lovable to their own and the other sex, with certain rare exceptions, creatures to be swayed by the sympathies, to be appealed to through the heart. If professional reasons, that is, the common sense of business life, stand in the way of succoring unfortunates, to the womanly woman it will always be, so much the worse for business, not, as with the man, so much the worse for the "down and outer." The ideal of the sex does not include coolness of judgment.

Neither has woman a sense of abstract justice, a working sense, that is. In other words, she takes everything personally. If any of her family has suffered from the inroads of the burglar, she thinks burglary should be made a capital offense. If some one dear to her has narrowly escaped dan-

ger through being mistaken for a burglar, she holds thereafter a brief for all criminals of the burglariety type. If she would only announce the grounds for her beliefs, much that is mysterious to man about her ratiocination would be clear. But she never does.

No one likes a woman less for all this, only, in the phrase of the society world, "she does not belong." The world outside the home is so conditioned that sympathy, sweetness, tender-heartedness are all liabilities of the most dangerous type. Woman comes to the contest burdened not only with them, but with a more highly specialized nervous organization, a deficient education usually for the task before her, even when she has the college "isms" at her fingers' ends, and a love for home life that active business life in almost every instance prohibits.

No man faces in business the alternative of giving up home and children. There is some one always willing and glad to provide these for him, if he has the inclination and ability to support them.

What an object the woman is usually who has persons dependent upon her for support. All know the type. As one woman expressed it, who has made a varying struggle, never successful from the purely business point of view, but made modestly so by the sympathy she has aroused: "I remind myself of a cat with one kitten, seeking ever a permanent lodgment, and never finding it: picking the kitten now out of one corner and putting it in another; driven from the corner, carrying the small morsel of being to the seat of a chair; routed from that by superior claims of man, seeking the barn, only to return to the house and do it all over again."

So it is with the mother who tries to practice a profession and not separate from her child. Oftentimes the object of sympathetic assistance, always devoted to a causeless, if not fruitless struggle—for the situation is out of joint, anyhow. The physical care of the child, which should naturally devolve upon the mother, must be delegated, now that she is the bread-earner. Hence the unending chain from boarding house to boarding house, to relatives, back to mother again when the strain of parting becomes too heavy, then a trial of flitting, then a period of boarding out again, then

back to grandmother, and so on and on, until the child is "raised."

Doubtless a woman could do, but doubtless a woman seldom does, all that is necessary to reach the very topmost rank in her profession, and the explanation is this, first and foremost, that, floating in the misty future of every woman's contemplation is the mirage, shall we call it? of marriage that shall bring economic freedom. Just about the time a professional man is ripest, and receives his first conspicuous promotion, his former feminine colleague is most thoroughly engrossed with maternal duties, having had all of a "career" that she cared for. Therein lies the chief weakness of woman's position in the professions, though her crown of glory otherwise.

"Liberty! Independence! I hate the words!" burst out a usually taciturn school teacher, at one of the Saturday morning gatherings of a group of school teachers. She was very pretty, but stern, and had never given indications of a soft heart, whereas she had been raised above all the others to a principality, and a salary that would have supported a family in comfort.

"Liberty," she shouted like a new Patrick Henry, "liberty for what? To be alone, to have no one that cares, and not to care to do anything. Independence—of what? Of all that everyone is seeking. What's the use of getting a larger salary every year, what's the use of traveling, of cultivating one's mind? Will anyone tell me what's the use of it all? Shortly afterward she resigned, and married a chiropodist—and the world wondered.

Working at any professional employment has to a woman the aspect of a temporary makeshift or an amusement. Her ultimate thought generally is, and should be—why not?—marriage; and marriage, not her choice of a profession, is to be the final arbiter of her destiny. She may go on—in many cases she would prefer to go on—or she may stop. All depends upon the "inexpressible he." Even the few who purpose continuing to the end of their days their professional course uninfluenced by marriage are deflected from their charted course by marrying.

With amusement, as well as with a sense of the hopelessness of expecting women to stand upon their own feet as professional people, I heard the mother of a daughter

who had been graduated with distinguished honor in an unusual profession for women tell, with no apparent feeling of inconsistency, that her daughter, just married, was studying her husband's profession, with a view to adopting it and abandoning her own. Here was a woman who had chosen her own profession—a strong-minded woman, men would call her, and a masculine profession—had fought against heavy odds in college and beyond to establish her right to pursue it, and straightway, upon marrying, did the characteristically feminine thing, threw her profession out of doors, and dedicated her fine mind to her husband's service forever.

When women who are leaders make such sacrifices gladly, can one believe that the rank and file will ever establish their claims for consideration as independent intelligences?

While on this point, something might be said of the part that many women play in supplementing, even in supplying the intellectual resources of their husbands to make them what they are in their professions. A wife behind the scenes does oftentimes more to advance a man's worldly station than a whole library of Blackstones. If brilliant women got half the mental assistance from husbands and brothers that many men get from wives and sisters, it is quite probable that I should be here explaining why professional women succeed, instead of why they fail. Many great men have not been the greatest stockholders in the marital mental copartnership, though they have drawn the biggest dividends. Women are nobler than men in this respect.

I remember, at a dinner at which many professors were present, asking in all innocence if a Professor Palmer, whose name was mentioned, was "the husband of Alice Freeman Palmer."

"Ho, ho!" and "Ha, ha!" they laughed. "Listen to that! Brilliant Professor Palmer has become simply 'the husband' of Alice Freeman Palmer. See what becomes of a man who marries a famous woman?" Not a man present would have objected to being identified as the holder of such-and-such a professional chair, or as the partner in a business firm, but they would resent being known as "the husband of" anybody, from Aspasia downward. To a man they would have shrunk from a marriage that would have lifted

them into the bright white light of public acclaim, if the spot light was intended primarily for the woman.

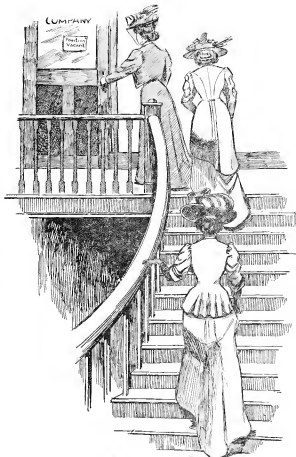
So you see there are reasons and reasons why women do not keep on with their professions after marriage.

The argument that men will not give the exceptional woman an opportunity, owing to prejudices and personal conceit, even now when woman has established an equal right to work at a professional calling, may be disposed of under the head of impermanency through possible or probable marriage. If a woman is as capable as applicant as can be found for a position—which she seldom is—and does not get the position, she has not been kept out of it because of prejudice, but of well-founded knowledge that she cannot be counted upon as a fixed quantity.

The lack of the ballot accounts for something in weighing the failure of women to reach their greatest efficiency—humorous paragraphs to the contrary notwithstanding. Only the other day a proxy, slow-going city accountant, far removed from the sound and fury of the suffragette movement, told with glee how he had held back for weeks the expense account of a woman city employe, though he had no doubt of its correctness. "What right has she, anyhow, to be drawing six thousand dollars a year of the city's money, when a man like me only gets twelve hundred dollars?" said he. "She ain't got no vote, and employin' her don't win no voters."

A leading suffragist, admitting the present unsatisfactoriness of the situation with respect to woman's advancement, attributed it to working under men's conditions. Said she: "If we cannot work under conditions imposed by men let us make conditions of our own. Why suffer passively the exactions of a man's world? There are enough of us to make it a woman's world. Say we cannot keep an even, uniform pace in our professions for a lifetime, as men do; let us get the ballot, reorganize things, and make the work world a world that we can live comfortably in, since live in it we must, comfortably or uncomfortably."

Taking things as we find them, women must work under men's conditions, and that she has not yet learned to do. She has the disqualifications which are imposed by nature, but sometimes it seems to the observer that she overcomes her natural



"Personal seekers, permanent applicants."

handicaps with far greater ease than she surrenders the self-imposed ones or those that are the result of wrong training. As has been said, women will not work hard enough, nor wait long enough, for the success they crave. They despise anything short of spectacular results that shall say to the beholder: "See, I'm but a young woman still. And here I am, at the top round of the ladder, while men many years my senior are still toiling at the bottom." Too often a spectacular young woman at the top is there only by newspaper report. And when ripe knowledge in her line is wanted, the plodders are the ones to impart it.

About conserving physical and nervous energy, most professional women know nothing. A remark frequently heard from women is: "I can turn out twice as much work as Mr. Blank." They overlook the fact that Mr. Blank has set a pace that he will keep comfortably possibly for forty years, and that they will not last ten at the rate they are going.

They do not save their strength in the way men do, by amusing themselves when not professionally engaged. Instead, they "fix over" their dresses, clean their flats, work on Christmas presents, and so on. "Puttering," Clara Barton declares, "is what causes more professional women to break down than any other one thing." She says that a woman cannot afford the luxury of being her own seamstress, housekeeper, nurse, and so on. "When you are not working at the business which is your very life, rest or play, don't putter."

Added to other handicaps, women burden themselves with unsuitable dress. A man's clothes are loose, his shoes sensible, and his hat light and easily removed. He has no frills or fripperies about himself or his clothes to consume time in dressing. Infinite patience is required to adjust a woman's clothes so that they will stay "put," beginning with her hat, which, however sensible, still must be held on with pins, and be taken off with difficulty. She has much hair, which requires time and attention, and she adds the wearing of a veil to the rest of her cares. Loose as her clothes may be, the styles compel her to bind her neck and waist and feet. The simplest shirt-waist costume, straps her in and exhausts part of her energy. Before she begins work, she has put enough en-

ergy into dressing and wearing the clothes to carry her through half a day, especially if the season is unsuitable to what she has on, which it usually is. In buffeting rains and wind, holding on a hat that is as a sail to a tacking ship, with skirts that wind and bind, with hair disheveled, and feet probably wet, she manages to reach her place of business, to begin a fair contest, as she thinks, with mankind.

Lack of business foresight in women is notorious, when it comes to saving money. Since they do not intend to be permanent, they squander their incomes and accustom themselves to a more lavish scale of living than the men who wish to marry them can afford, with the common result of unhappiness after marriage. Or if unmarried, as the years pass on, they begin to hear the tread of a new and fresher generation at their heels, as men have heard it for business ages—only men have had the foresight to prepare for it. Then comes the chilling apprehension of ultimate poverty, a future with no money saved, a smaller income or none, luxurious habits to support, no one to turn to, no family to love, nothing to represent forty or fifty years of living, twenty or more of professional experience, and much money earned. Courage and enthusiasm have ebbed. Life has become a thing to be feared.

There follows the state of mind which results in the daily tragedies in the newspapers, as when, last February, a capable woman, self-slain, wrote: "I am not afraid to compete, even in New York. I could build up as good a business here as I had in San Francisco, but what is the use? Even though I should attain the success for which I would start, it could not bring a single hope into my life or joy to my heart, so, wherefore struggle?"

It would not do to leave out of a consideration of women's failure to attain the success hoped for from her, an allegation often brought against the conscientious sex, if I may so call it, that is, that it is dishonest and unworthy in business life. This is the way one man who has dealt with many professional women put it: "Women are too tricky and elusive. You cannot pin them down to anything, or believe what they tell you, if their interests lie in another direction. I can tell if a man is lying, but a woman—never! That is why I am coming to have as little to do

with them in business as possible. It takes a woman to handle a woman." Brokers tell me that a woman will go with open eyes into a deal in which she foresees success. Let failure ensue, and in nine out of ten cases, I am told, she will try to repudiate her bargain. She has no code of business honor, and some say no sense of honor at all. The accusation works hardships to her in business.

Woman is being driven back into the house—and in many cases there is no home. It behooves her to examine into her position more closely, take herself more seriously as a business factor, and strengthen her intrenchments, if she wishes to remain, or must remain, on the field of fight. She should copy men more assiduously with respect to business foresight and business honor, lay aside the vanities of sex and its allies, mend her manner of dressing—in a word, model herself on man's pattern.

Can she do so? Will she? And if so,

will life be worth living to her after such a labor of readjustment and conformation?

In mind, the business woman always figures to me as one filling insecurely on a high office stool, straining her own and the onlooker's nerves—man, as one sitting back comfortably in an armchair, looking and feeling able to advise anyone on the question of success.

Only as the mother, the Madonna della Sedla, with babe in arms, little ones clustered about her knee, does any woman attain the magnificent serenity, the poise of man, secure in the business world which he has created after his own image and likeness. Let me close as I began, with a quotation from Margaret Fuller, who became Ossoli, and the mother of a son:

"In earlier days I dreamed of doing and being much, but am now content with the Magdalen to rest my plea hereon, 'She has loved much!'"



The Thirteenth Move

How a Millionaire Capitalist Adopted Patient and Peculiar Methods to Capture a Lonesome Lady, for Whom, he Frankly Confessed Before the Hastily Performed Nuptial Event, That he Did Not Entertain the Slightest Affection.

By ALBERT BANCROFT in McClure's Magazine.

KEY stood on the street corner and fingered her veil to keep passersby from seeing her lips tremble. She was sure that she was going to cry right there in the open and she was furious about it because she did not approve of weepy females.

"If you dare," she whispered fiercely, "if you dare, I'll — I'll — you shan't have that nickel's worth of peanut candy, or those currant buns, either."

This threat proving effective she turned, head held high, and entered the bakery.

There was the usual Saturday afternoon crowd, jostling on the shoddy thoroughfare. To-day the jostling was intensified; for the car strike was on in full blast, feeling ran high, and demonstrations were being made against the company. Now and again a car passed slowly up or down the street, drays and express wagons blocking its progress wherever possible, scab conductor and motorman hooted at by San Francisco men and beplumed ladies for their pains.

Key looked at the mob in disgust. Then she hurried around the corner and away from the scene of commotion.

"And to think that it has come to this, that I can't ride up and down in those cars all day long—just to show 'em."

The beach was what she really wanted—one of those little sand hummocks with juicy plants sprawling over it, that protect one from the wind and yet reveal beyond ravishing glimpses of cliff and breaker and supple shining sea.

But the beach was not to be found in

the heart of town. And she was too tired to walk there—not having had any lunch and being very angry besides. And she would lose her "job"—her miserable, wretched, disgusting, good-for-nothing job (Key loved adjectives), if she rode. For any and all union men had been forbidden to use the company's cars. And business houses—who had anything to gain from it—had promised their employees instant dismissal for even one ride. And the firm that employed Key would lose three-fourths of its trade if the union boycotted it.

So the sand-dunes would have to wait. But there were some vacant lots, backed by a scraggle of rough, red rock, only half a dozen blocks away. If luck were with her, the loafers might be in temporary abeyance and the refugee, tents not unduly prominent.

Luck was with her. And Key sat down on the lee of the little cliff, quite alone, spread out her buns—you got three for ten cents these catastrophe days—and faced the situation.

The landlady had raised the rent.

Key could have screamed with laughter over the situation—if only the matter were not so vital.

"This'll make the thirteenth move for you, Key, my love, since the eighteenth of April—and the thirteenth move is bound to be unlucky. But you'll have to go, sure as Fate; for you can't stand another raise. The Wandering Jew gentleman takes the road again."

She pursed her lips as she said it. She had invented the appellation for herself



The Girl Lay Back in the Big Arm Chair and Looked Asewd the Room.

after nine moves in three months. "I don't know what his name really was," she confessed—there was no one else to talk to, no one she cared for, so she talked, sub voice, to herself—"but it must have been Key. I'm sure it was Key—and that I look just like him." And deriving much comfort from this witicism, she went on her way.

"Key, the Wandering Jew, on the move again," she repeated. "But where to move to, that is the question. It's funny

what a difference money makes—her eyebrows neat up—"or rather, lack of it. I've never considered that until recently."

Then her eyes fell on her shoes. They had been very swaggy little shoes in the beginning—Key had made rather a specialty of footgear—but they were her "escape" shoes; and their looks told the tale of their wanderings. Also she had no others since.

She wriggled her toes.

"You'll be poking through before long, looking at the stars," she told them severely. "Imagine your excitement."

And her suit.

Ikey looked away so as not to see the perfect cut of it, the perfect fit of it, the utter shabbiness of it. It was her "escape" suit, too. She has slept on the hills in it to the tune of dynamiting and the flare of the burning city. She would never have another like it—never. For her job—

Her job.

She leaned back suddenly and closed her eyes. Her job. The rage of this noon was coming back again; rage, and with it a strange, new sensation—fear. She had never known fear before, not even during the earthquake days. "Only at the dentist's," she told herself, giggling half hysterically behind closed lids.

And back of it all—back of the lady's unconcerned dislike and latest slap, back of the disintegration of a wardrobe that could not be replaced, and the question as to whether her "job" had not become an impossibility since to-day—and that job simply could not become an impossibility: one had to live—back of all this was the dull hurt, smothered and always coming again, that Bixler McFay had not taken the trouble to look her up when his regiment came through on the way to Manila.

"You may as well face that, too, while you're about it." Ikey observed sarcastically. She opened her eyes with a snap and bit into the first bun.

"The regiment was only here three days," a little voice inside of her whispered fearfully.

"Three days!" Ikey's scorn was unbounded. "If he had cared, he could have found you in three hours—and he always said he cared. It's a thing you've got to live with. It's nothing so unusual. It happens every day. Why can't you treat it like a poor relation?"

And her thoughts went back to Fort Leavenworth, and the gowns on gowns she had worn, all burned up at the St. Francis last spring, with the rest of her things, a week after she had reached the city; and Cousin Mary, suave and elegant and impressive as her chaperon.

and herself, petted and made much of on all sides, and incidentally pointed out as the richest girl on the field, and an orphan; and Bixler McFay, handsome, brilliant, devoted, always on hand, always protesting—

A whimsical, sarcastic little smile curved her lips for a moment. The earthquake had certainly made a difference. A vision of Cousin Mary arose—not the suave and elegant chaperon of a wealthy young relative, but a frightened, self-centred, middle-aged woman, who had taken the earthquake as a personal affront put upon her by her young charge and insisted on being the first consideration in no matter what environment she found herself.

Then came another vision. She recalled her parting with Bixler McFay in the late winter, when she had left Leavenworth for the Coast, saying it wasn't decent not to know anything about the place where all your income came from, and he had left Leavenworth to rejoin his regiment in Arizona. How his voice had trembled that morning as he bade her good-bye, declaring he should always consider himself engaged to her even if she did not consider herself engaged to him; begging that she wear his class pin, or at least keep it for him if she would not wear it, because the thought of its being in her possession would comfort him in his loneliness.

It had comforted her in those first dreadful days after the fire to think that he was alive and on his way to her. It never entered her head but what he would come at once: when friends were looking for friends and enemies were succoring one another, how should he fail her?

And then—no one word. Not even an inquiry in the paper; when that was about all the papers were made up of for days after—columns after columns of addresses and inquiries, along with the death notices.

And afterwards—no one word—

II.

"I won't pretend this is accidental, Miss Stanton."

Ikey looked up startled, began to curl her feet up under her skirt, decided that it was not worth while—she was only

one of the boarders—and offered beans and candy with indifferent promptness.

"There's a gang of toughs coming down over the hill. Strikers, maybe. I thought they might startle you."

He seated himself unceremoniously on a rock near by.

Ikey settled back with a little comfortable movement against her own rock and raised her eyebrows.

"The proper thing for me to do at this stage is to inquire in a haughty voice how you happened to know I was here."

"I followed you."

There was no hint of apology, and she looked at him more closely. She had sat opposite him at the unesthetic boarding-house dining-table for the past six weeks now. He ate enormously—but in cultured wise—never said anything, was something over six feet tall, wore ready-made, dust-colored clothes, and was utterly inconspicuous. "Like a big gray wall." Just now it was the expression of his face, intangibly different—or had she never taken the trouble to notice him before?—that fixed her attention.

He was looking straight at her.

"I've been following you ever since you left your office," he said after a deliberate pause; and Ikey's eyes grew large and frightened as she took in his meaning.

"Then you saw—"

"I did." There was another pause. "It won't happen again." His tone was quite final. "Why do you lay yourself open to that sort of thing? Don't you know that the burnt district is no place for any woman at all these days—not even one block of it? Why don't you ride?"

His voice was quite cross, and Ikey could have laughed aloud. This, to her, who had the burnt district on her nerves to such an extent that she dreamed of the brick-and-twisted-iron chaos by night—the miles of desolation, punctuated by crumbling chimneys and tottering walls—dreamed of it by night and turned sick at the sight of it by day. Did this stupid hulk of a person think she liked the burnt district—and to walk there?

After all, his attitude was less funny



"I insist, you are no gentleman."

than impertinent. She would be asery. It was better. She would respond kindly and put him in his place.

At least, such was her intention. But she discovered to her amazement that she was trembling—her encounter of the noon was responsible for that—and her teeth seemed inclined to bit again at each other rapidly with a little clicking noise. So it seemed on the whole more expedient to blunt out her remarks without any attempt at frills or amplification.

"Why don't you ride?"

Ikey gathered herself together.

"My dear Mr. Hammond, there is a street car strike on here in San Francisco. No union wagons run out this way—and I lose my position if I use the cars."

He was welcome to that. She looked off into the distance while he assimilated it.

"I had not thought of that," he said at last slowly. "In that case there is but one thing to do. You must stop that work at once."

"And stand in the bread line? Now? Along with—those others?" A little

smile twisted her lips. "I should look handsome doing that."

"But surely—"

His tone was beginning to be puzzled. So was his expression. They ascertained this by allowing a glance to brush past him.

Suddenly he had changed his position. He was beside her on the ground, facing her, staring her out of countenance.

"We may as well get the clear of this right now—"

"It is needlessly clear to me, Mr. Houghton."

"But not to me. In the first place—"

"I will not trouble you—"

"It is no trouble. In the first place, has that fellow followed you, spoken to you before?"

"Never—never like that."

She wondered whether he had noticed her unsuccessful effort to rise and put an end to the interview.

"Do you know who he is?"

"He is the junior member of the firm I work for."

"What? Well, I am glad I smashed him." Then he added quickly, "This, of course, puts an end to your going there, at once. You've been at it too long anyway. It's stopped being a joke, and as a pose—"

"Pose."

The intonation was subtle. A moment's bewilderment, and he burst out, "You're not doing this because you—have to?"

"That—or something."

"But—buz—Good Lord, child! Where is your money?"

With pomp and ceremony—but languidly withal, for her head was beginning to ache, and she wanted desperately to cry—she laid her purse in his hand. But she did not look at him.

The big hand closed over the flat little thing impatiently.

"I am referring to your bank account."

"And by what right—"

"We'll settle that later. The banks have opened up again—"

"That's all I have."

"But what has become—You're not going to faint?"

"No."

"Then what has become—"

Quite against her will she was beginning to find herself faintly amused. Of all pigheaded, impertinent people, this individual with whom she had hardly had more than five minutes' conversation, except at meal times during the past six weeks, was certainly the worst.

"I really must know, Miss Stanton, what has become—"

"I gave it away."

"You—gave it away!" Italics could never do justice to his intonation. He was staring at her as though he considered her demented. "To whom?" came his indignant question.

After all, why not tell him? It was none of his business; and he was desperately impertinent, but she was desperately forlorn; and, though it could not better the situation to talk about it, it might better her feelings.

She slipped farther down against her rock; and he bent forward, listening intently.

"I gave it to—a relative. She was living with me at the time of the fire. We had only just come up from Los Angeles—because I wanted to—I had some property here; all my income came from it; and I felt I ought to know more about it—in case anything happened. And after the earthquake she acted as though I had led her up to the—jaws of death—and pushed her in—and later she was so afraid of typhoid—and everything. And so—at last, when the banks opened up again—I gave her all the money I had in the bank—and she went East right away—and I stayed here."

"With nothing?"

"I had fifty dollars. I was doing relief work at the Presidio, waiting for the vaults to cool off—I had a lot of paper money in a box there—and for the insurance companies to pay—and for the man who looked after my affairs to get well; he'd been hurt in the earthquake. But he didn't get well; he had a stroke, instead, and died. And his partner—they were lawyers—went away; all their books and papers and everything had been burnt up, and he didn't seem to think he could ever straighten things out; and when the vaults were opened, the paper money I had in the box was

all dust—and the insurance companies haven't paid."

She shrugged her shoulders delicately over the situation, already disgusted with herself at having descended to disclosing her private affairs to a stranger.

Meanwhile, "So that's it," the stranger was saying. "I've wondered a lot."

"You needn't have troubled."

"No trouble," he blandly assured her, "Houghton always was an ass"—(Houghton was the younger lawyer. How had he known? the girl wondered)—"lighting out for Goldfield when he ought to be here, straightening out his clients' business. And so you went to work on some beggarly salary, instead of seeing about having your property put in shape again. Why didn't you leave, or—"

"I couldn't find out where it was," she retorted, furious. "I'd only been a week when the fire came; and not for years before that."

—And not put yourself in a position where you get insulted by some little scrub who isn't fit for you to walk on—Are you going to faint?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter?" inquired the clod at her side.

"Nothing," she fibbed promptly. How different this creature was from Bixler McFay! Bixler had never pried into her private affairs, or evinced an interest in her possessions, or insisted on answers she did not wish to give, or pursued topics she did not care for. Bixler had none of the bluntness, the pigheadedness, the brutality of this—but then, there was no comparing the two. Only, she had vowed not to think of Bixler any more. He was not worth it.

"Nothing's the matter with me," she said. "Only, when I got back to the boarding-house after—after downtown to-day, the landlady said I'd have to pay sixty a month or leave at once, and—she hadn't saved any lunch for me, and—"

"And you've been eating—"

He looked at the candy-bag and the morsel of luncheon with horror.

"I thought they'd cheer me up," Ike

murmured meekly, "but they've made me feel—kind of queer."

"That settles it." The big hand came down forcefully upon his knee. "We'll get the thickest streak you ever laid your eyes on in about two minutes. But first—we'll get married."

"What?"

III.

What happened after that Ike could never clearly remember. Bits of ensuing conversation came back to her, memories of the sickening rage, the stupefying bewilderment that possessed her, and the exhaustion that followed. But order there was none. And she was sure she never got the whole of it.

At one stage in the proceedings she had observed in a haughty voice that she did not care to have his sympathy—or pity—take that form.

"Oh, it's not that," he assured her pleasantly; "but I'm tired of knocking around the world alone. I need an anchor. I think you—he looked at her imperiously, but politely—"would make a good anchor."

"You mean you want me to reform you?"

He smiled a careful smile.

"No-o. I don't feel the need of reforming. There's nothing the matter with me—"

"How lovely to have such a high opinion of oneself."

"Yes. Isn't it? But as I was saying—"

At another stage she tried to take refuge behind the usual platitude: she did not love him.

He considered this—at ease before her, his hands in his pockets.

"Well, when it comes to that, I don't love you, either"—Ike gasped—"but I don't consider that that makes any difference."

Another break.

Then, "What'll you do, if you don't?" he asked her in a business-like manner. "You're just on the verge of a breakdown"—She knew it: and his tone of conviction did not add to her sense of security—"Another scene like to-day's would upset you completely. You say you have no friends or relatives here; and there's no one you want to go to

away from here. And besides, I can look after you a great deal better than you can look after yourself."

There must have been much arguing after that. There must have; for she had not the slightest intention of being disposed of in this unedifying fashion. But in the midst of some determined though shaky sentence of hers, he had said quite kindly and finally that they need not discuss the matter any further—besides, she had to have a good stiff lunch right off—and had piloted her carefully, but with no overpowering air of devotion, out of the empty lots, around the corner, and into an automobile.

"It was all the fault of that wretched beefsteak," mourned Ike by an hour or two later. "If I'd only had it before, it never would have happened—never. I shall always have a grudge against it. What am I to do now?"

The automobile had conveyed them smoothly, first, to a clergyman's, of all people; next, to a restaurant; then, to the boarding-house, where her few belongings had found their way into a telescope basket; and now it was conveying them through the bedraggled outskirts of the city into the country beyond.

A hatchet-faced chauffeur was manipulating things in front; while the unspeakable man in gray sat unemotionally beside her in the tonneau and looked the other way.

"What am I to do now?" The bewildered girl found no answer to the one question of her mind. "Why don't you faint?" she asked herself severely. "Why don't you faint? If you had an idea of helping me out of this pickle, you'd do it at once, and never come to at all, and then have brain fever. It's the only decent solution. Instead of that, here you are, feeling—actually comfortable."

She stared ahead of her with miserable eyes. "It was all that miserable beefsteak. The thing must have been six inches thick. Beast; why couldn't he have taken me to the restaurant first? Then I'd never have gone to the clergyman's. And that license. Where did he get it? We never stopped for one—he just pulled it out of his pocket, as though it

had been a handkerchief. Ike, you're married, married—do you quite understand—to a man who wears ready-made clothes and doesn't love you and lives in an attic boarding-house bedroom. And what is he doing with this automobile? And what is his business? Oh, he's probably a chauffeur; and he's borrowed his employer's bubble; and this other chauffeur in front's his best friend and ashamed of him on account of the beefsteak business. He'd better be. But what shall I say to him? What shall I say?—Oh—h"—heaven-sent inspiration—"I'll say nothing at all. I will be—so indifferent."

On and on and on went the machine. The girl closed her eyes upon the dusty, dim-colored landscape.

"Serves me right for turning over my bank account to Cousin Mary and—and—"

She had fallen asleep, propped up in her corner of the machine—worn out by this climax to the weeks that had gone before.

The man at her side turned and looked at her. His face no longer wore its placidly and conventionally polite expression.

IV.

"The thirteenth move. Didn't I say it would be unlucky?"

Ike had fled to the garden, letter in hand, to review the situation. The low clouds threatened rain. But what did that matter? The house stifled her with its large, low, mannish rooms and continued reminder of Arthur Hammond; and she had to think—think—think everything out from the very beginning.

That first evening—when she awakened in the dusk at his side in the automobile and stared bewildered at the dim outline of the low, rambling brown house tucked away among shrubbery under a load of vines—how quick he had been to reassure her, to explain that a friend of his, who had expected to come here with his bride, had had to go to Mexico instead and had asked him to occupy the bungalow until their return. A woman and a Chinaman went with the place; and she would have the run of a large garden. She could get rested there; and he could go to and from town every day.

And the days that followed—how careful he had been; how matter-of-fact and unemotional; never touching her; never making any sudden motion towards her; never referring to that short tea minutes at the clergyman's; never going near the two rooms the respectable English housekeeper had conducted her to that first evening.

"Almost as though he were trying to tame a bird," she had thought half whimsically, after the first days, when the feeling of weariness and fright had worn down and a great relief and great thankfulness had taken its place, that she should never see the boarding-house again with its sneering, insulting landlady, or the office where that man with the eager, shifty, cruel little eyes held rule.

And so she had set herself about it, resolutely, though bewildered, to be an anchor to this big, unemotional young man who had so suddenly come out of the background of her existence and was occupying all possible space immediately behind the footlights.

She did not at all know what an anchor did, or said, or how it acted. But the very perplexity for some reason or other sent her spirits skyhigh. And she pottered about the garden with him, and whizzed about the country in the automobile—it belonged to the same friend who wanted him to look after the place—and poked about the queer, rambling house, content to see no one else and talk to no one else and amazed at herself that this should be so.

Only once had he made any reference to their situation, when he suggested that it might be as well under the circumstances for her to call him Arthur.

"I shall never call you Arthur. Never," she told him hotly. "I loathe the name. Always have. It sounds so deadly respectable."

"You don't care for respectability?" His tone was so affable.

Ike considered. "It may have advantages, in some cases. But—"

"Then what am I to be called?"

She might have retorted that she should call him nothing at all; he never addressed her by any name. Instead, she answered, "Boobles."

"Boobles?"

"Boobles," she repeated firmly. And then came laughter. Ike's rages had a way of breaking up in inconvenient bursts of hilarity these days.

But what difference did that make now? What difference did anything make?

"I don't see," Ike said to herself desperately, "what makes me so stupid. I'm afflicted with chronic mental near-sightedness. Most distressing. This is really a tragedy I'm mixed up in—a tragedy. And tragedy's a thing I never cared for."

She collapsed miserably on a bench and stared at the letter.

"It's queer how tragedy and going to see give you the same feeling."

It was not pity—oh, no—that had made him want to marry her. And it was not love. And it was not because he needed an anchor. Not he. He was not that kind. It was simply because she was his opportunity. Yes; that was the word. And she had never suspected.

Not that afternoon in the vacant lot, when he had inquired so exhaustingly as to her bank account.

Not the next week, when he appeared from town in the middle of the afternoon, all unheralded and paler than ordinary, with papers to sign, and the exhilarating news that the insurance companies had paid up, and a new blank-book with her name and comforting fat figures in it.

How desperately glad she had been over that. For hot shame possessed her at her appearance—shabby clothes and hardly any of them, when his ready-made dust-colored garments had immediately been replaced by the well-fitting blue serge that was her special weakness in masculine attire. She had invested heavily in frills and slowly regained her self-respect.

And not when he had appeared with a list of her property—how had he come by that list?—stating that he had made arrangements to leave certain pieces and rebuild at once on the others, and asking her approval of the final arrangements.

She had not suspected him then, either, idiot that she was. She had been too busy being rested, being thankful, being happy in the big garden, tucked

away from the people who had failed her and the ghastly city and the memory of its great disaster.

She turned to the letter again. Bixler McFay had always written a good letter. This time he quite surpassed himself.

Heart broken, unreconciled; his hopes shipwrecked; his faith destroyed. How could she have treated him so? She had been practically engaged to him; and she had left him a prey to every horrible emotion at a time when one word would have put his mind at rest. No clue as to her whereabouts by which he could trace her.

She passed that over with her little crooked sarcastic smile. She had telegraphed and written both—and the second letter had been registered. He had probably forgotten that little fact. But it was of little consequence now. The sting lay in what followed.

And then what did he learn? The letter inquired. That a man be supposed to be his friend, a fellow he had met daily in Arizona for a couple of months at a time, had systematically pumped him about her, had taken means of ascertaining her financial status, and, recognizing her as his opportunity (that was where the word came from) had rushed off to San Francisco, married her hand over fist, and launched himself as a capitalist—on her capital. And she had allowed it.

The girl dropped the pages in her lap. Her little fist came down on top of them. "It's a despicable letter," she told herself hotly. "And what he thinks to gain by it, I don't know. He just wants to make trouble.—And he has," she breathed with a downward sigh.

The question was, what to do now. And pride stood at her elbow and pointed out the only course.

This Arthur Hammond, this big, quiet, self-contained, efficient, indifferent young man—whose opportunity she was—must never know that she knew, or, knowing, cared.

That was the only solution. Pride forbade a scene—on this account; on hers; on Bixler McFay's; on everybody's, when it came to that. No one should know—anything.

"After a while I shall get quite old and pin-cushiony," she assured herself, "and pricks won't prick; and nothing will matter. I must be quite affable, and quite indifferent, and always polite—for women are only rude to men they care about." Her lips trembled. "It's all happened before, hundreds of times to hundreds of women—and money is very interesting to men—and there's no reason why this shouldn't happen to you, lkey, dear—and a hundred of years from now it won't make any difference anyway.

"But I'll never tell him anything again—"

For latterly she had told him many things about herself—young lonesomenesses that nothing could dispel; family hatred for brothers and sisters and all the ramifications of a home, and, half unconsciously, her utter content with the present. She turned hot at the thought of it all.

"But one thing I won't stand." She jumped up and made for the house. "He shan't have my photograph on his dressing-table."

She had seen it there one day on passing his open door, and had wondered, wide eyed, how he came by it—it was one she had had taken in the East—and had felt unaccountably shy at the thought of asking him about it.

She tore into the house, to get it, to destroy it, to tear it into tiny bits, and trample upon it—at once, without a moment to lose—when, rushing up the porch steps, she collided with the one person of all others she least expected to see.

V.

Late afternoon. The house was very still. Outside, the rain was falling, falling, and the shrubs bent under their burden of shivering drops. Inside, the fire crackled and whispered and the girl lay in the big armchair and looked around the room.

The fireplace, the big, rich rugs; the dark paneling; the fine, unemotional pictures—no wonder the whole place had reminded her of Arthur Hammond. She ought to have known. She ought to have known.

She heard his step in the hall. His door banged, once; twice; again. Then,

his voice asking Eliza some question, and the murmur of the housekeeper's reply.

Then he came in.

"He did not speak or move, and his, 'Good-evening' was presently followed by the easy question: 'What's the matter?'"

Then she turned on him.

"Is it true that this house belongs to you?"

A pause. Then he answered slowly.

"Yes."

"And the grounds?"

"Yes."

"And the automobile—is yours?"

"Yes."

He stood quietly watching her. She knew it, though she did not look at him. She took a deep breath.

"Those insurance companies have not paid," she said in a stifled voice. "You told me they had. You—you gave me—Where did all that money come from I've been spending?"

"Well, I suppose originally it was mine."

"Then it's true you are a millionaire?"

"Ye-es. Just about, I guess."

"And my property—all those buildings that burnt up were mortgaged—and I couldn't have rebuilt—and everybody knew it—except me. The money that's putting them up again—"

"I arranged about that. But what difference does it make?"

"What did you do it for?"

"I thought you'd feel better to have an income again—and on account of other people, too. It made me hot to have you treated as though you were—just anybody at all—simply because your income happened to be short for a time. And—and I thought you'd rather have it that way than take it from me—at the first," he ended lamely.

She jumped up and confronted him, white with rage.

"How dared you do that? How dared you? How do you suppose I feel, being in this position—to you?"

"I hope you don't feel at all. And besides—But how did you find out about this?"

"Cousin Mary has been here," the girl burst out, losing all idea of keeping any-

thing back. "She had all sorts of things to say; how badly she'd been treated—how she was shipped off East, and I never wrote to her, nothing about my affairs, or that I was married, or anything. She couldn't talk enough. She said everybody sympathized with her, because her prospects were ruined, because the companies I'd insured in wouldn't pay and my land was mortgaged so I couldn't rebuild. She knew that—and she'd never told me. And then she spoke a piece about my conduct in getting married and never telling her a word about it beforehand. She said she was mortified to death to have to learn about my marriage from strangers—strangers—just accidentally. But there wasn't anything she didn't know; that you were a millionaire, but very eccentric and not given to going around like a rational being—in society; and that you had places around in different States and always made it a point not to know your neighbors, so you wouldn't have them come dropping in interfering with you; and that you were amusing yourself now with putting my affairs on their legs again; and how lucky it was for me; and how strange it was, when I was making a brilliant marriage, not to make it, at least, in a dignified, even if not in a brilliant manner, with a church wedding and all. There wasn't anything she didn't know. I believe she used detectives to find out. And she ended up by saying that she had a lovely disposition and would forgive me—I could have killed her—I was her only first cousin's only child—and she was coming here to live."

"The deuce she did!"

"But what did you do it for?" She turned on him fiercely. "What did you do it for?"

"Yes—but where's this Cousin Mary?"

"We had a scene—at least, part of one: we didn't either of us say half we wanted to—and she's left. She'll probably decide in the end, though, that her disposition's lovely enough to overlook it, and insist on making her home with her eccentric millionaire cousin-in-law—What did you do this for?"

He stood there, frowning in perplexity. Then with a sigh of relief, "Supposing

"we sit down," he said, as one who has a happy inspiration. "I don't know as I can explain this to your satisfaction—exactly. But I'll try. It seemed to me—Don't you know, I thought—Hang it all, that King Cophetua business—was that the chap's name?—never did appeal to me a little bit. I'm dead sure that Beggar Maid had it in for him from the start for his beastly condescending ways to her. And I was afraid you might think—you see, it seemed to me that when your affairs were back in the position they ought to be, perhaps you'd feel better towards me."

He looked at her with boyish entreaty in his eyes. It was as though she were suddenly in the room with a new person. The expression of his face left her breathless.

"Then you came to that boarding-house deliberately to—"

"I did. Deliberately to let you get a bit used to me. It might have upset you to have a perfect stranger come up and marry you off-hand."

"But—but—she gasped.

She was flushed to the eyes. Suddenly he turned and switched on the electric lights. Then he turned back and looked at her—hard. The rose deepened.

"You said that day—that day—that day, you know—"

"Well?"

"You said most distinctly that—you didn't love me."

He turned an exasperated face toward her.

"—if I'd come up with the confession that your eyes set me crazy and the impudent tilt of your little nose was very much on my nerves? Supposing I'd told you that you bowled me over the moment I saw you—It's God's truth, I saw you at the theatre in New York just before you left for Fort Leavenworth. I followed you there, but nothing that wasn't brass buttons seemed to be having an inning; and I didn't care to meet you at all, unless I could win out. So I left and went down to Arizona, where there was some land business I had to look after. Then McFar came down there and talked a good deal with him; and I was sure it was all off and

was doubly glad I hadn't met you. Then came the news of the earthquake and the fire; and I kept waiting for the beggar to get leave and go to you—and he didn't go. And then one night he—well, he was drunk, or he wouldn't have done it—but he talked some more with his mouth; and so I knew what to expect from him and—er, removed your photograph from his rooms—he hadn't any business having it around for men to stare at, anyway; and then I came here to find you; and—and that's about all, I guess."

He laughed an embarrassed laugh.

"I was pretty well done for before—it seems to me everybody I met kept talking about you—but the boarding-house business finished me completely. There were you—you'd lost more than all that trash put together, and had been badly treated, and all—but you held your head high and never peeped and made that dining-table a thing to look forward to beyond everything. No wonder the landlady hated you. I could have knicked down and kissed your little boots—not that you'd have cared about it especially."

He laughed his boyish, embarrassed laugh again.

The girl turned away.

"I won't be humble," she whispered to herself tremulously. "I won't. It's a wretched policy for women, and the effects are dreadful on men."

She trailed away towards the other end of the room.

"I'm not like any more. I'm not the Wandering Jew. The thirteenth move is a glorious move, and I've come home—to a man in a million."

Aloud she observed disdainfully, "The whole performance from beginning to end has been unspeakable—simply unspeakable; and I insist—"

She had reached the bay window and pressed her little nose tight against the window-pane.

"I insist you're no gentleman," came her muffled shaky voice from behind the curtains, "or I wouldn't have to be standing here quite by myself, waiting for you to come over here and—and kiss me."

A Character Sketch of the New Bryan

The Democratic Nominee for the Presidency is a Vastly More Intellectual, Moderate-Minded and Mature Man Than he Was in His First Campaign Twelve Years Ago—A Serious and Somewhat Conservative Statesman Actuated by the Highest Principles of Ethics and Morals.

By Willis J. Abbott in the *American Review of Reviews Magazine*.

SOMEWHERE the other day I read the statement that the Bryan who was nominated at Denver is not intellectually or ethically the same Bryan who carried the Chicago Convention of 1896 off its feet with his "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech.

This assertion is only about half true. The Bryan of 1896 had youth and its fire. The Bryan of to-day has more maturity, more knowledge of the world, and more poise. But it is to be questioned whether there has been so much change in Bryan as there has been in the temper of the people to whom he made his appeal twelve years ago, and to whom he is renewing practically the same appeal, with the exception of one issue, to-day.

The people who in 1896 could see in him nothing but a hot-blooded zealot have come to look upon him as a serious and somewhat conservative public man, actuated perhaps more than any one in public life by the highest principles of ethics and of morals. But the change has not been in Bryan. Even in the bitter campaign which first made him a great national figure, I, having known him rather intimately and having studied his character for nearly four years before that campaign, said that if Mr. Bryan should be elected he would disappoint his more radical supporters and please the people in the Democratic or any other party who wanted to see a straightforward business administration conducted quietly, without seeking for dramatic effect, and not in any way directed for the overthrow of honestly existing business institutions. The talk in that campaign concerning anarchism and repudiation was political buncombe altogether. No man could be further than from

anarchism that was Mr. Bryan; none to-day believes more fully in the ability of the law or the lawmaking bodies to find a remedy for practically every political or economic ill, provided the lawmakers and the law expositors are responsive to the will of the people and alive to the people's needs.

A man who holds views of that sort is as far removed from anarchism as the north pole is from the south. Yet he held these views in 1896 when the cry of anarchy was raised. He holds them still. One wonders whether it is a new Bryan, or a newly



Hon. W. J. Bryan.

awakened public conscience and public intellect, with which we shall have to do in the campaign of this year.

But the silver question. There indeed is a marked and material change in the apparent attitude of the man. He no longer proclaims silver. But he says very frankly that the need which was supposed to exist in 1896 for a greater volume of currency because of the then existing scarcity of gold has been met, not as we then would have met it by coining silver with gold at a fixed ratio, but by the discovery of new goldfields, which have enormously increased the output of that metal, and added prodigiously to the world's stock of metallic money.

There is no sixteen-to-one idea in the Bryan mind to-day. There is no apology for the dogma of 1896, nor any attempt to revive it. Yet I am not so sure that even on this point Mr. Bryan has changed so much as the community to which he must make his appeal. We were told in those days that to continue coming silver as money of ultimate redemption amounted to repudiation and dishonor. But as Mr. Bryan pointed out in conversation with me only a few days ago, the very public men who thought it was perilous to make dollars out of silver have now passed a currency law which enables the banks to issue money based upon railroad bonds, upon commercial securities, upon any asset which a speculative bank cashier may take and which an overburdened Secretary of the Treasury may perfunctorily approve. The Bryanite point of view, even to-day, with silver no longer an issue, would doubtless be that a precious metal dug out of the earth, possessing the intrinsic value which any limited product of labor must possess, and having a special value for use in the arts, was at least as good a form of money as bank-notes, based on railroad bonds or upon the notes of speculators or capitalists of finance. However, as Jay Gould once remarked, when the Erie printing presses were running overtime, "The American people are mighty partial to bonds." Still it does not appear that on this point Mr. Bryan has changed as much as public sentiment has changed, though he has frankly, during the last six years, declared that the question of bimetallicism had passed out of the arena of political discussion.

When one looks back on that bitterly de-

nounced Chicago platform of 1896 one wonders why the denunciation was so fierce and how the public mind has changed so greatly on the issues it announced. The Roosevelt of to-day is very much like the Bryan of '96; for many of the demands made in that platform have been accepted and some of them given legislative effect by the President. Many planks in that platform were of immediate importance only, but most of those which were then fundamental remain fundamental to-day, though there may still exist some difference of opinion upon them.

What was known then as the attack upon the Supreme Court has at the moment I am writing this come up in a new form in Republican councils, for the question as to whether the Republican platform should contain a plank expressing unqualified confidence in both the Federal and the State courts received such general discussion both pro and con as to indicate that even within the Republican ranks there is a very considerable sentiment in opposition to the deification of any and all men who might happen to be appointed to the bench.

The old Bryan was not averse to criticizing a court, and while the new Bryan has had less to say on that particular point, there is no reason to doubt his continued belief in the views of the first campaign.

The income tax was an issue in 1896. Its principle has been accepted in many States and approved by the President, though the Supreme Court decision still blocks its enactment into Federal law.

So it would be easy in discussing the changing conditions since the first Bryan campaign to show that the people and the opposition party had come nearer going over to Bryanism than Bryan has come to deserting his early ideals.

Yet he is a new man in many ways. When first nominated, barely beyond the constitutional age prescribed for a President, he knew his own country, but none other. Since that time he has made frequent trips abroad, has made one trip around the world, has visited every one of our colonial possessions, and indeed is better equipped to discuss the foreign relations of the United States and its colonial problems than any man in public life.

Of course, I know that the instant rejoinder to this statement would be the mention of the name of Secretary Taft. But

the difference between the studies of the two men is that Secretary Taft has traveled as an official, has gone about the Philippines, Panama, and our other outlying possessions in somewhat of the state of a consul. He has been fettered everywhere, and subordinate officials have had ample warning to prepare conditions so that they would meet with his approval. Mr. Bryan has gone merely as an unofficial American citizen, eminent, no doubt, and with a name known in all parts of the world. But for him there were no warnings to act as yachts, no saluting cannon, and no incentive on the part of any man to conceal from him the facts which he set forth to seek.

And so the simple but not unsuccessful country lawyer of Lincoln has since 1896 become one of the most widely traveled men living. But his new strength of to-day—not his intellectual, but his political—strength, is derived rather from his travels within his own country than from those expeditions which have taken him to the ends of the earth. Ever since his first campaign Mr. Bryan, with the commendable purpose of providing for his family and advancing the cause which he typifies and represents, has followed the business of a lecturer. In this honorable calling, in which, by the way, he was preceded by such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, James Russell Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and is joined to-day by such public men as Senator Beveridge, Senator La Follette, Senator Tillman, Representative Champ Clark, and former Senator Dubois, he has not merely achieved a competence, but has been able to visit every nook and corner of these United States of ours. The Bryan of 1896 knew Washington, for he had been an efficient Congressman there. He had been the Mississippi Valley, for he had early taken an active interest in the development of waterways—to which, by the way, the President is now committed—and had attended all the conventions held to further that cause. But he had not traveled from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore.; from Ferdinand, Pa., to Santa Barbara, Cal. He had not dropped into scores of small towns in every State and made himself known to the millions of people who to-day flock to cheer him whether he preaches on the "Prince of Peace" or delivers a political speech on the principles

of Democracy. The present-day Bryan is known to a million men where the one who came somewhat nervously at first to that historic rostrum in Chicago in 1896 was known to scarce a hundred.

Probably no man in the United States, not even the President himself, has so wide a personal acquaintance and so many followers who are not merely loyal, but sometimes to a degree fanatical as he. And this following has been built up without the aid of any patronage, State or national; with no offices to give, so favors to dispense. And that it is a continuing following has been shown by the way in which during the last year, or more properly, during the last four months, the prominent politicians of the Democratic party who are not wholly admirers of Mr. Bryan's attitude have been compelled by their constituents to concede to him delegation after delegation, until his nomination was assured.

And there is, too, another difference between the new Bryan and the old, though this is a material and not a moral difference. But in 1896 Mr. Bryan went to Chicago unheralded and unsung, not even provided with credentials to the convention which afterward nominated him, but merely at the head of a contesting delegation. Many stories have been told after the fact of carefully laid plans for his nomination. There were no such plans. Governor Alged, who has been credited with arranging the coup which resulted in the nomination, was, in fact, the last of the strong leaders in the convention to yield to the demand for it. But this year the new Bryan went to the convention with two-thirds of the delegates either instructed for him or personally devoted to his cause.

The Bryan of 1896 was ridiculed very unjustly for his poverty; the Bryan of 1908 is attacked very unjustly for his wealth. But I remember well that in '96, when some of the assertions that he had been unable to earn a living for himself in the practice of the law stung him somewhat, he showed me his account book for the first two years of his practice as a stranger in Lincoln. The records showed a rather singular success for a young and always owned his own home. In '96 it was an attractive and not too small a frame house within the town limits of Lincoln. Some people then sneered at him because he did not live in a style

more becoming a Presidential possibility. To-day they sneer because, with advancing years and as the result of indomitable energy and the utilization of his mental power he has built himself a beautiful house outside of the City of Lincoln.

If Mr. Bryan cared more for money and less for ethics than he does, the income which he derives from his paper, the *Commoner*, might readily be tripled. His advertising manager in Chicago some time ago almost wept as he told me of the obstacles which were put in his way when he attempted to secure advertising. I am only guessing at it, but I think the circulation of the paper exceeds 200,000 copies weekly. Any journalist or publisher knows what might be done with such a circulation. But the *Commoner* carries only a beggarly two or three columns of advertising. The reason is that the owner of the *Commoner* clings to the idea that its advertising columns are just exactly as much a part of the paper as its editorial columns, and that if he is responsible for the editorial "we," he is equally responsible for any advertisement which appears in the paper which secures its circulation through his national prominence.

This is not particularly an illustration of the "New Bryan." I thrashed that issue over with him at least eight years ago. Then I discussed with him the question of the responsibility of the owner of a newspaper for the advertisements which appeared in its columns. He held then, as he holds now, the conviction that the advertising columns of a newspaper should be kept clean of all announcements for which the owner would not personally stand.

There is nothing new in this attitude on the part of Bryan. From his very earliest days in public life he has insisted upon making his private business affairs run parallel with his public utterances and beliefs. There are men in public life who believe that they can sit in the United States Senate or the House of Representatives and represent all the people while as attorneys they represent a very few of the people whose interests are necessarily opposed to those of the many. Mr. Bryan is not one of this sort. He discontinued the practice of law when he went to Congress first, and has never resumed it.

In these latter days a sense of his respon-

sibility to the millions of people in this country who have put their trust in him, and who look upon him with an admiration amounting almost to idolatry, has impelled him to give up any sort of legal work, any kind of personal activity which would withdraw him in any degree from the fight for the people in which he has been enlisted. I know that Mr. Bryan's entrance upon this campaign means to him a struggle, a task, which if he could set it aside, he would not undertake. But while the Bryan of 1896 was a youth flushed with ambition, eager to rush to the forefront as he then did, the new Bryan is a man not desiring so much the honors that are proffered to him, but rather feeling, with a solemn sense of responsibility, his duty to take up the battle for true Democratic principles and to lead a party long out of power to ultimate victory.

I remember well, and so too will most New Yorkers, the wonderful and impressive parade of New York business men during the 1896 campaign, which filled Broadway from the Battery to Forty-second Street, and which was held as a protest against Bryan. The new Bryan has been asked within the last few months to address many of the associations which then paraded—associations of bankers, of publishers, of manufacturers—and has found a hearty welcome and a respectful hearing at all.

I recall, too—for in that '96 campaign I was deeply interested—the bitterness of the financial community in Chicago against Bryan and all his works; but now he cannot pass through the city without being invited by the bankers and the commercial men, who then execrated him, to address their organizations.

And, finally, I recall the somewhat bitter speech made by Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York, at the Coliseum in Chicago, in which he could say no words too harsh about the Bryan of 1896. When a short time ago Mr. Bryan's friends found him selected by President Roosevelt to be one of the five unofficial citizens chosen, because of their eminence, to advise with the governors of the United States, they thought that whatever Mr. Bryan himself might think, at least the President and the President's advisers and associates thought there was indeed a new Bryan.

A Thorough Believer in the Democracy

A Canadian Newspaper Man who Believes Firmly in Trusting the People, Elevating Conceptions of Public Life and Raising the Standard of National Ideals—J. A. Macdonald is the Man Responsible for the Growing Independence Within Party Ranks now Manifesting Itself in Canadian Journalism.

By M. J. Hutchinson.

IT is said that the members of two professions—teaching and preaching—most easily and naturally gravitate into newspaper work. The majority of editors in Canada, who have not been reared in the publishing business, who have not through hereditary inclination or force of circumstances followed this calling, have at some stage of their respective careers used the rod or the tongue. Why? There seems to be a kind of affinity—a remarkably close connection—between teaching, preaching and writing. They are so correlated and intermingled that the transition is not as sharply defined as in other trades or businesses. Every preacher is or should be to a large degree a teacher, and every sincere teacher must believe in the efficacy of preaching certain truths, principles and ideals. In the editorial writer all these qualities should to a greater or less degree be combined—he instructs, guides, reasons, analyses, corrects, reprimands, points a way or suggests a remedy. He is or should be a mental pioneer blazing the road for needed reforms, and the amendment of many abuses and wrongs. If he properly exercises his functions, if he lives up to a just appreciation and realization of his privileges and possibilities, he is a leader, a teacher, a preacher.

Many of us can remember what a fruitful theme for debate in our school days was that most trite of all topics, "Resolved, that the pulpit is more influential and has wrought greater good to the world than the press." Perhaps the reverse might be the subject of a heated discussion, some evening in a crowded hall. Like other debatable problems on some abstract or theo-

retical theme the conclusions reached are not always final. We may settle them to our own satisfaction, but the votaries of each profession will still contend that his is the more useful and helpful in uplifting the world and enlightening mankind. Probably the strongest combination—the greatest agency, is where the press and pulpit are co-laborers, working hand in hand; heart to heart, in effecting good, whether moral, religious, commercial or political.

Among the men who have left the clerical ranks to enter journalism there is no more striking example than Mr. J.



J. A. Macdonald in his Office.

A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto Globe. It is true that the step was not all taken at once into the stern, strenuous struggle of daily newspaper grind, some years having been spent by him in the more restricted field of religious publications. To-day he is directing the destinies and shaping the course of a great party organ. One of the busiest of men, he does not allow the routine duties of journalism to sap all his energies. His active support and hearty sympathy have been enlisted in many splendid causes. He has played a prominent part in the comparatively new yet vigorous laymen's movement in the church, the laymen's aggressive missionary efforts of the day, the political platform, the elevation of national morality and honor, and cleanliness, purity and probity in public as well as private life. He is a firm believer in the great underlying principle of the democracy. In a recent address before the Baptist Young People's Union of America, in the City of Cleveland, he discussed the obligation of members of the church as citizens of the nation in which he proclaimed that democracy as its essence means the kingship of the nation. Kingship is not a bed of roses or a gorgeous pageant. It is bearing burdens, facing obligations, doing duty and rendering service.

The views, political and otherwise, of the man may not appeal to all, but it is only fair to accord him the award of earnestness of purpose and sincerity of aim. In an appreciative sketch, written some time ago by Professor Shortt, of Queen's University, one reference is of particular interest: "Having a keen interest in the expressions of modern society for their own sake, and having from a broad outlook on life acquired certain well founded standards, in which intellectual foundations and moral purposes are harmoniously related, Mr. Macdonald steers a confident though watchful course in all weathers. But though his attitude be confident it is not arrogant. To accomplish anything one must act with decision, though not claiming one's knowledge to be complete or one's judgment final."

Not only is Mr. Macdonald a believer in the democracy, but he strives to lead fellow-Canadians to a higher estimate of their country and standards of every day life. "See to it," he recently said, "that the rush

for wealth and the boast of mere bigness do not kill for you and your children that love for Canada and devotion for Canadian honor without which this country never can be great."

Of Scotch ancestry, born in Middlesex County, forty-six years ago, a graduate of Toronto University and Knox College, Mr. Macdonald early in his career displayed an unusual aptitude for journalism and during his theological course edited Knox College Monthly. He was also a contributor to the Canadian Presbyterian. From 1891 to 1895 he was pastor of Knox Church, St. Thomas, Ontario. Some twelve years ago he founded the Westminster, a weekly Presbyterian paper, which absorbed several other papers then in existence. While directing it editorially that journal had a large influence in determining the policy of the church on leading questions. In 1902, Mr. Macdonald succeeded Mr. Willison as editor of the Toronto Globe on the resignation of the latter to enter independent journalism. In tabloid form this is the life story of the man who has figured conspicuously in the affairs of the fourth estate. It is interesting just here to note that while editor of the Westminster, Mr. Macdonald "discovered" Ralph Connor (Rev. Dr. Gordon), the celebrated Canadian novelist. Dr. Gordon was then an unheard-of Canadian minister. To-day his books are read more widely in the Dominion than those of any other Canadian writer. Dr. Gordon submitted his first manuscript to Mr. Macdonald, who saw much merit in the work and encouraged the author to devote his gifts to enrich the realm of literature.

Though there is a slight impediment in his speech, Mr. Macdonald is one of the most effective public speakers on the platform to-day. When he is aroused this impediment soon disappears and with great force and power, his words invariably command attention. He is full of fire and enthusiasm—fairly aflame with emotion and conviction. At certain climaxes he causes the blood to flow in the veins like lava. He stirs, quickens and on some themes literally electrifies men, leaving an impression on their mind and conscience that lingers and conveys home the truth. This is especially true when addressing religious bodies or on patriotic occasions. On the political platform he is more off-hand and deliberate

in his style of oratory and his somewhat quaint way of presenting facts and different phases of the issues places his hearers in good humor and even in a hostile assembly he is assured of a favorable hearing.

Of the Township of West Williams, in Middlesex County, where he first saw the light of day, and the limpid stream, the Sauble, that winds its way through the farms of that distinctively fertile Scotch settlement, where nearly every surname begins with "Mac," he cherishes the fondest recollections. It was there that the morning of his life was passed. Recently he paid a visit to the haunts of his youth and renewed associations and old familiar scenes. Such memories as cluster around the objects of boyhood days grip the mind, delight the soul and cling to the heart. "These recollections," he said, before the Caledonian Society in Toronto on a Hal-



Pioneer School Which he Attended, Now a Blacksmith Shop.

re-echo has not died away. He vigorously denounced the corruption and malfeasance of office which was sapping the life of the Liberal party in Ontario and threatened to destroy its very existence. He also fearlessly condemned the educational policy of the Federal Government with respect to schools in the Northwest. A storm of protest in each case was raised by some Liberals, but it is safe to say that, out of such action and rugged treatment—this strong individualism—a movement, daily gaining in strength, has sprung up toward independence within party lines, and is now characteristic of many leading journals in Ontario and even some beyond the confines of this Province.

Mr. Macdonald has his enemies. All men of fighting blood and aggressive spirit have. There is no gainsaying, however, that he is a determining factor in moulding public life and ideals.



By the Sauble Where he Fished.

low'teen night (when recalling the pranks, pastimes and gatherings of early days), "are no vain or flickering illusions of the brain. It is by such things men live, and in the thoughts which such memories stir, is the strength and beauty of our mature years. * * * Who among us has not proved the worth and recreative power of the ties which bind us to those simpler scenes of life? * * * The points made sacred by old associations are not so much points on the map, as passions in the heart, and of all men who live the men of Scottish blood must keep tender and true, their memories of youth and native land."

As a political journalist, Mr. Macdonald has not failed to openly—even incisively—criticise his party friends. His famous "Barnacle" editorial is still talked of; its



Pioneer House Where he Was Born.



A Scene in Camp.

A Moose Hunting Jaunt in New Ontario

One Must Reckon on Plenty of Hard Work, but the Search can Scarcely Fail to End Successfully—Good Fellowship and Camaraderie are Nowhere so Exhibited as in a Camp Where the Members are Congenial—Without These Qualities the True Element is Lacking.

By C. C. Hacking in the *Edmonton Magazine*.

THAT the moose is the king of all big game in North America is well understood, though it may not be generally known where these mighty monarchs of the forest are mostly found. The railway guide books attribute his habitat more particularly to the country lying on the north shore of Lake Superior, and to the Kippewa Range in the Temiskaming District. Last autumn I happened to have some business in the neighborhood of Dinorwic, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, 200 miles west of Fort William, and, falling in with some of the descendants of the original Ojibways, naturally talked of the forest and the game therein. It did not take long to arrive at the conclusion that an opportunity of making intimate acquaintance with the moose was presented; so after a hasty consultation with

my newly-found friend "Reggie," we secured the services of two of the native sons of the forest, and the moose hunt was assured fact. Reggie was from across the sea; his great desire was to get a head to send home.

Early one morning we pushed off into the creek, loaded to the gunwale, on the way across Wabigoon Lake, to pick up the Indian guides. At the mouth of the Long Lake River, we went ashore and soon had a camp fire blazing. My son desired to try my new-fangled rifle, and before the kettle boiled he was back with a brace of partridges neatly decapitated, which made an excellent addition to our breakfast of bacon and tea.

While enjoying the inevitable smoke an Indian and squaw paddled by, and our guide, after a palaver with them, told us

that the man had killed a moose the night before about a quarter of a mile farther up, and that they were going after it. Thereby hangs a tale. They had come on it at close range, and, after firing the first shot, she (it was a cow) attacked them. The man emptied his rifle into her at point-blank range without the slightest effort, and then, reaching over and grabbing her by the nose, told the squaw to knife her; however, the cow got her head under the canoe and lifted it almost out of the water. He let go, and, clubbing the empty rifle, smashed the enraged brute over the head, eventually killing her, but reducing the weapon to splinters. After skinning her, six steel bullets were found immediately under the skin, none having penetrated. The guide said it was impossible to kill a moose with a rifle if it is first injured badly enough to attack, as, he assured us, it became insane, and by some unknown process the hide became impervious to bullets! This was something new to us, and close questioning could not solve the puzzle. All the Indians to whom I afterwards talked about it had the same belief. This man was an old hunter, and was armed with a high-power Savage rifle. No doubt many people will ridicule this little story, but the fact remains that the incident occurred as stated.

Embarking again we paddled into the river, the guides saying we had to go about six miles up to reach moose country; but we are inclined to think that an Indian's idea of distance is somewhat crude, and agreed among ourselves that sixteen miles was nearer the actual distance. Arriving at last, we were quickly unloaded and had the tent up, fire made, and a very appetizing dinner under way. It was evident we were in the moose country, as a fresh moose-hide was stretched on poles, showing that our camp site had been occupied a few hours previously to our arrival.

The weather was perfect, and after eating we were soon stretched on the soft grass enjoying a smoke. I asked Fred, the head guide, when we should get moose. He looked at the sky, sniffed the air.

"Huh! No moose now."

"When moose come?"

"Huh! Bymby!"

We all went to sleep. About five o'clock Fred shook me.

"Moose come; catchem moose now!"

He had been sleeping too. How did he

know? He pushed the cedar canoe into the water, and took his place in the stern. I was in the bow with Reggie and the despatcher amidships. There did not seem to be anything to say; so no one spoke, but all had that tense feeling of excitement which is indescribable. Then Fred rose, and, giving a snuff and grunt, said, "Big moose!" The paddles dipped in silently, and the heavily-laden canoe almost jumped through the water.

After proceeding for about ten minutes the guide, knowing we were close to the quarry, stopped to listen a second, and passed the word to me to look out for him. Rounding a bend, there he was, about sixty yards ahead; and to one who had never seen the monarch of the woods in his native haunts it was worth a long trip. "There he is for you. Go for him," said the guide. And I did.

The beast looked about as big as a freight car, as he stood broadside, his great head and antlers thrown back, and giving an angry stamp with his fore foot, as if resenting our intrusion. The first shot nailed him behind the shoulder. He plunged forward only to get two more, which brought him down on his side, and it was all over. After waiting a few minutes, he raised his big head and tried to get up, but another one on the jaw finished him. The guide said, "Big moose dead. Go to camp. Get some supper."

After paddling slowly back, we were poking up the camp fire twenty-five minutes after leaving it. It took a long time, though, to tell the story by the campfire that night, but when we got under the blankets we were mighty pleased moose-hunters.

Our troubles, however, were yet to come. The guide had as up at daylight, and after a hearty breakfast we went off to secure our prize. We found him in the brush about fifty feet from where he was first hit, lying in two feet of water. Our object was to get him into the channel and tow him into camp. Snubbing the canoe to a tree, and getting a line around his horns, a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together, only resulted in various unmentionable phrases, Ojibway and common Canadian predominating. One hind leg and the lower horns were locked fast to the brush, and we could not move him.

We meant having the head, but it looked



On Lake Kipawa.

like a big job to get it. We had a good big knife and an axe, and did not find much trouble in skinning the upper side down to the shoulder, but that was only a small part of the work. We could not turn the beast, as he must have weighed fourteen hundred pounds, and the head and neck were a foot under the water, which was icy cold. After sawing and chopping for three hours, however, the splendid head parted. It was not much trouble to cut off one of the hind-quarters, the balance being left for the guides to get out with more help. We returned to the camp quite convinced that, while it was great sport to shoot that moose, it was mighty hard to retrieve him.

That evening we paddled up the river two miles, coming upon another moose about dusk, but the Indian saw it was a cow, so we let her go. Having arranged with another party from Fort William to join them in a few days for a hunt on land, we were satisfied with what we had got and broke up camp the next morning.

We paddled across the lake to Minnowic, bringing our camp outfit and the moose head, and loitered around Minnowic all day, waiting to hear from Fort William. Eventually the command came to join the party at English River, 110 miles west of Fort William. Arriving at Ignace, we were told by the trappers that they had gone on to Martin Pt., where we found them camped in an old boarding-house beside the railroad.

In the morning moose signs were good, there being several fresh tracks at the

water-hole close to the camp; but nothing resulted in the day's hunt, so we decided to move camp farther east. We therefore hustled on our outfit and unloaded at Mile Post 109, pitching the tent about a mile back on the north side of the railroad, in a country where two of our party had killed two bulls one day the previous autumn.

After an afternoon's reconnaissance we found the country had been recently burnt over and was no good for our business. We were hiking again the next morning, and at Mile Post 104 we decided to remain permanently during the hunt. There was a capital ground half a mile from the railroad, and soon we had the camp in shape for a week's stay. Camp life in the woods is an oft-told tale, worn threadbare, though I cannot refrain from saying that ours was the most pleasant I have ever spent out of my fishing and hunting expeditions. Good fellowship and camaraderie are nowhere exhibited as in a camp where the party are congenial. Without these the true element of sport is lacking, no matter what the lags may be, and the sooner the party breaks up the better. After a hard day's hunt our camp-fire was always enlivened by the good spirits of all, and each took a share of the many duties that make for pleasure in the woods. One of us, Hollingshead, knew every inch of the ground, and it was due to him that the hunt was an unqualified success.

The first day there was about two inches of snow on the ground, which made tracking easy, and two moose fell to Hollingshead and Bradley. "Hollins" had a long shot at a bear, wounding him pretty badly, but not overtaking him.

The second day Reggie gave us an exhibition of his gameness. When returning to camp he got a shot at a big bull about a quarter of a mile from the camp, and on following the trail saw that he had hit him hard. This was his chance to get a head for overseas. Forgetting, perhaps, that a moose can make a lot of ground in a day, he kept on till nearly dark, and in crossing a muskeg dropped into a water-hole up to his neck, which dampened his clothes most thoroughly, but not his ardor for the chase. The rest of the party made camp about six o'clock in a blinding snowstorm. Reggie failed to show up. Being a sort of guest, we were getting pretty anxious, for it was now pitch dark, and I saw that Hollings-

head as well was uneasy about him. After firing our guns and constantly hallowing, we were much relieved to get an answer. In fifteen or twenty minutes we heard voices approaching the camp, and soon three other hunters came in who had joined us in the afternoon, and whom we had invited to stay overnight; but no Reggie. To our anxious inquiries as to whether they had seen anything of him, they said they had not. It was impossible to do anything in the way of searching for him in the inky darkness, but knowing he had a reliable compass and had been used to the woods we felt more at ease than we otherwise should have done, though there was little sleep in camp that night. On Sunday, at daylight, everyone was astir. Hastily breakfasting, four of the party started to find his trail. About ten o'clock Reggie marched in. He had been so intent on getting the moose that he had not noticed the darkness falling. When he fell into the hole his matches were soaked, and he was about five miles from camp, in the middle of a swamp, unable to see his hand before him. Concluding he could not make camp, he made the best of the situation by building a wind-break, and waited for daylight. He came in quite unconcerned, but disappointed that he didn't get the moose.

Two more moose were shot on Monday. They were killed about five miles from

camp, and the question of getting them in now arose. While the gang were out cutting up the meat, seven more were seen; but we had enough, and not a shot was fired, the day being pretty well taken up in packing what we had.

In all the stories we read of moose-hunting in the lower provinces, "calling" seems to be the only method of hunting. No such thing was ever heard of in this country, than which there is no better in the Dominion. The only thing required is a guide who knows the districts in which they range; then killing is a comparatively easy matter. Of course it must be understood that hunting in a wilderness such as I am writing of is not all ease and pleasure. One must reckon on plenty of hard work, but a hunt in almost any part west of Fort William to Wabigoon Lake can scarcely fail to end successfully. Hunting is confined almost entirely to local sportsmen, mostly from Fort William, very few outsiders coming in.

Moose, caribou, red deer and bear will always be plentiful, the country being unfit for anything but game. It might be mentioned that red deer are very plentiful, having been driven in from Minnesota by wolves during the past four or five years; and as there are no dogs in the country to run them out of it they are likely to thrive and be plentiful.

The True Beauty

By T. Carew in *Applique's Magazine*

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from the star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

Has Twice Welcomed Royalty to Ancient Capital

Sir George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, Has on Two Different Occasions Extended Cordial Greetings to Royal Guests During his Term of Office—Qualified by Birth, Breeding and Brains to Preside at any Function, he Has Had a Signally Successful Business Career.

By E. T. D. Chambers.

FEW Canadian cities have had their municipal affairs presided over by a chief magistrate who can prefix "Sir" to his name. The usual title for a mayor is his Worship, but to old Quebec, which has so signally celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its birth and foundation, a distinction has come in the shape of knighthood for the occupant of its civic chair, Sir George Garneau.

At the investiture, held at the Citadel of Quebec on July 23rd, Mayor Garneau was created a Knight Bachelor at the hands of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the other participants in a similar honor at the same time being Sir James Whitney, Prime Minister of Ontario, and Sir Loener Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec.

Following closely upon the honor of

knighthood by the Heir-Apparent to the throne, Sir George Garneau was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor of France by the President of the French Republic, the intimation of the fact having officially reached him through Vice-Admiral Jaureguierry, head of the mission from the Government of France to the Quebec celebration.

The new distinction that has come to Sir George and Lady Garneau is appreciated by the citizens of Quebec who feel themselves honored by the knighting and decoration of their Chief Magistrate. Amongst the congratulations to Sir George Garneau from various parts of the world none are more highly prized than those from the many who have known him for years in his various business relations.

Sir George Garneau is a son of the Hon. Pierre Garneau, M.L.C., and was born on the 19th November, 1864. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and graduated in engineering from the Montreal Polytechnic School, being the gold medalist of his year. He was, for some time, assistant engineer on the construction of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, but gave up the practice of his profession to enter the business of P. Garneau, Fils & Cie, now the Garneau Company, Ltd., of which he is Vice-President. This firm is one of the most important in the Canadian dry goods trade, and has business connections from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Sir George has always taken a very active interest in public affairs, having been a member of the Quebec Board of Trade and of its Council for several years. He is extremely fond of the natural sciences, especially chemistry, and has held for some time the chair of Professor of Analytical Chemistry at Laval University.

When he first became Mayor of Quebec,

two years ago, he was elected to the office by the City Council, in accordance with the provisions of the city charter at that time. A year ago the charter was amended to provide for the election of the Mayor by the entire body of the city's qualified ratepayers. The first election of Quebec's Chief Magistrate under the new enactment took place in February of the present year, when Sir George was unanimously re-elected to the civic chair. This action on the part of the citizens of Quebec was not only a mark of their appreciation of Mr. Garneau's civic administration during the last two years, but also their expression of the desire to have at their head during the Tercentenary fetes, a representative citizen of whom they have every reason to be proud, and one so admirably qualified by his distinguished presence and manner to do the honors of the city at a time when it entertained so many important celebrities, including the direct representatives of royalty. In this connection it is interesting to note, that while the Mayor had the honor in 1906 of receiving and welcoming Prince Arthur of Connaught to Quebec, it fell to the lot of

his father, the late Hon. P. Garneau, while Mayor of the city in 1870, to receive and welcome the father of the young Prince of today, in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, then Prince Arthur.

In social affairs, Mayor Garneau is ably seconded by his accomplished wife, who is a daughter of Major Benoit, formerly secretary of the Militia Department at Ottawa, and one of the leading favorites of Quebec society. Sir George and Lady Garneau are the parents of an interesting young family of eight children.

The Mayor is an ardent sportsman and fond of athletic sports. An accomplished angler, he is also quite at home, so to speak, when tracking the "antlered monarchs of the forest" on snow-shoes, over the frozen snow and has to his credit a number of very fine heads of large game.

He is President of both the Tercentenary Committee of Quebec and of the National Battlefields Commission, appointed by the Dominion Government to take charge of the project for the establishment of the Battlefields Park on the Plains of Abraham.

THE TRADEMARK

The common father of past and present and surety for the future.

The embodiment of all trials, sorrows, adversities, aims, endeavors, successes.

The hall-mark of honor, faithfulness, diligence and justice.

The soul of every concept.

The ashes of the builder.

In substance, the silence golden; in spirit, mightier than sword or pen.

—A. A. Briggs.



Sir George Garneau.

How George H. Ham Dispenses Sunshine

The Charm of His Remarkable Personality Wins Him Countless Friends—His Wit, Jokes, Tact, Stories and Equanimity are Proverbial—A Big Railway Man he Is Equal to Any Emergency, and As An Ideal Host he Has No Superior.

By Robert J. Carroo in the Railroad Man's Magazine

TO deny acquaintance with George H. Ham is to confess ignorance of Canada's greatest institution, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Who is George H. Ham? Why, he is George Ham, that's all. The poor man has not an official title to bless himself with, he never did have a title, and there are no present indications that he ever will have one. If he ever does get his deserts, he will be designated as ambassador-at-large for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

To Sir William Van Horne belongs the credit of discovering Ham. At the time of the discovery Ham was an alderman of Winnipeg and the editor of a paper of limited circulation, but unlimited nerve. Canada needed the Canadian Pacific Railway, and needed it badly, and a devoted band of men were risking bankruptcy and nervous prostration to make the great enterprise a success.

At the same time another portion of the population, whose names are now forgotten, were striving with an unreasoning vehemence that would have done credit to anything in that line which could have been gotten up on this side of the boundary, to nullify every effort of the empire-builders.

Into this situation Ham threw himself with a pen that cut both ways in an effort to inoculate the obstructionists with the saving grace of common sense. So valiantly did he champion the cause of the railway that Sir William Van Horne, though he wasn't Sir William then, stopped off in Winnipeg one day to see what manner of man it was who wrote such powerful editorials.

He saw, and immediately surrendered unconditionally to the charm of Ham's re-

markable personality, just as so many others have done. Since then George Ham has been an integral part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a part of no mean importance.

He toils not, neither does he spin; yet so man connected with the company is more widely known than George Ham. Indeed, it would be within bounds to say that no man in Canada is better known throughout the world than he.

No, he is not a lobbyist. On the contrary, he takes such extreme care to avoid even a suspicion of anything of the sort that he never goes to Ottawa while Parliament is in session. Yet the press gallery at the Capital, abetted by some members of Parliament, recently gave him a dinner and a gold watch as an inadequate expression of their esteem.

Ham has a desk in the great granite pile on Windsor Street which is the headquarters of the company. There is a legend that he was once seen sitting at it. If this is true, it must have been a chance meeting, just as two globe-trotters might happen to come together at Singapore or Ballarat, or any other remote spot.

For, whenever any one around headquarters has a moment to spare, he improves the time by ordering Ham's desk moved to a new location. That desk has worn out five sets of casters, according to official count, and is now on its sixth set in its peregrinations from room to room and floor to floor.

That is because Ham is not there to protect his rights. The last place in the world to look for Ham with any reasonable hope of finding him, is at his office.

For, paradoxical as it may seem, although he has no job, he is the busiest of men.

It is something not soon to be forgotten to see George Ham skart into headquarters and then, standing at his desk, go through a stack of letters and telegrams with one hand, lay out folded linen and repack his travel-worn black bag with the other, dictate to his stenographer, entertain a guest, be interviewed by two or three rival reporters, and talk with sundry representatives of various departments on company business, all at one and the same moment.

It is one of Ham's idiosyncrasies to maintain that the only place in all the Dominion where laundry work can be done is at Montreal. Whether he is at Vancouver or Halifax, his linen must go to the metropolis to be done up.

It takes close figuring at headquarters, sometimes, to make connections, but, thanks to the enthusiastic co-operation of the operating staff, the parcels somehow always manage to get to him at the right point.

They tell a story about a period of torrential rains in Northern Ontario which nearly put the main line out of business for a few days. The Pacific express had been struggling west, held up every few miles at a washout by mud-bespattered, perspiring section-men, and delayed by slow fogs.

Things were so discouraging that the engineer wouldn't hook her up even when he had a stretch of sound track. The conductor, impatient with this lack of enterprise, hit upon a ruse to spur the engine-man on to renewed effort. Calling the flagman, he said:

"Bill, go ahead and tell Jim we've got Sir Thomas Shanghnessy's car on and he's simply got to get to Vancouver in time to catch that Australian boat, and he'd better hit 'em up a little."

This message being duly delivered, Jim turned with a scowl upon the flagman and thus expressed his sentiments:

"Sir Thomas, eh? Tell him to forget it! I ain't agoin' to ditch this here train, not even to please Sir Thomas."

When this was reported to the conductor that worthy official had an inspiration.

"Go back and tell Jim we've got George Ham's laundry in the baggage-car, and



George H. Ham.

he'll be expecting it at Sudbury as he passes through on his way to Toronto."

"Well, why in blazes didn't you tell me so long ago?" snapped Jim, upon receiving the second communication.

Whereupon he proceeded to roll them along at a gait which produced an epidemic of heart-failure in the coaches. Spurred on by the responsibility of that linen, Jim is alleged to have made up three hours in sixty miles.

Ham is a haven of refuge for distressed newspaper men and a beacon of hope for those who would file to be newspaper men. Any past, present, or prospective employee of any publication who needs a pass, a job, a loan, or a confidant for a troubled mind is sure to have his wants supplied if he appeals to Ham, provided that gentleman can wheedle the pass out of the passenger department or borrow the money. At least the applicant can count on consolation and wise counsel.

But George Ham performs other functions which are regarded by the management as of more importance even than these. For instance, whenever the Canadian Pacific has guests to entertain it is

Ham who acts as host. And it is surprising how many parties of Englishmen of various degrees of distinction there are requiring entertainment during the course of a year.

Also, there are numerous visitors from other lands whose achievements or position are deemed to entitle them to attention from the road. That is why Ham rarely sleeps two consecutive nights in the same town.

Wherever the strangers hail from, they always go home filled with enthusiasm for Canada, for that is the end and aim of Ham's existence. If there are any statistics, scraps of general information which lend local color, or good stories about the Dominion that Ham doesn't know, you may be sure they don't count. Also the visitors carry home a cordial esteem for their host.

His tact is boundless, his equanimity unassailable, his flow of quaint humor as inexhaustible as a mountain brook. His fame as a wit and an after-dinner speaker has been carried around the world by home-going travelers. He has even been made the hero of a poem by Neill Munroe, which relates "How Laughter Came to Canada."

Ham's most famous speech was made under unique circumstances. He had been sitting for some time when one spring morning in 1905 the malady took a sudden turn for the worse. The physician who was called in, after making an examination, said:

"Mr. Ham, you have a clearly defined case of appendicitis. You will have to be operated on at once if your life is to be saved."

"Not on your life, doc," replied the patient. "They say you are sure death with your little knife, and I am going to have one more good feed before I cash in."

"The boys are giving a dinner to Usher, the assistant passenger-traffic manager, to-night, and I'm going to be there. After the dinner you may do your worst."

Incredible though it may seem, Ham actually did carry out his avowed intention to attend the dinner, though he was suffering great pain. Not only did he attend, but he made the brightest, witliest speech of his life. Before the applause had died away he was in a cab on

the way to the hospital, where he underwent the dangerous operation for appendicitis.

For a time his life was despaired of. In fact, a report was circulated that he was dead, and one paper, accepting the report without verification, published a touching obituary of the genial Ham.

On returning to his office, Ham's first act was to have this obituary framed in sombre black and hung above his desk with this legend in his own irreverent chirography beneath:

"Not yet, but soon."

He never fails to hang a fresh wreath of immortelles upon a corner of the obituary frame whenever he returns to Montreal.

In his capacity of vicarious host Ham, of course, must needs extend many invitations to partake of liquid refreshments. It used hardly be said that he exercises great discretion on his own behalf on such occasions, for otherwise he would scarcely have won fame for eminent fitness for diplomatic missions.

Yet, there came a time when even he, the pink of discretion, felt the need of reform, and this is the way of it:

In St. John, New Brunswick, there was one particular barber who always got Ham's patronage when he was in that city. One day Ham rushed into his favorite's shop and requested a quick shave.

He noticed that the barber was haggard and that there was a strange look in his eyes, but thought nothing of it until the barber, after stropping his razor, began making vicious slashes in the air with a few inches above his customer's nose.

"Here! What are you trying to do?" demanded Ham, not daring to move for fear of losing a few fingers or features.

"I'm cutting the heads off those snakes. Don't you see them?"

"Great Scott, yes!" replied Ham, springing from the chair. "Hold perfectly still for a minute and I'll help you. Watch 'em while I go and get an ax."

The barber was taken away in an ambulance with a fully developed case of delirium tremens, while Ham went for a walk to steady his nerves. Meeting three acquaintances, he greeted them with his accustomed hearty cordiality, winding up with an invitation to have something. On the way to the nearest place Ham suddenly stopped and said:

"Gentlemen, I have just seen a horrible example of what this fool habit of treating leads to. If I buy you some whiskey it will only fill your stomachs with pains, your mouths with folly, and your consciences with remorse."

"I won't do it. I prefer to retain your esteem. I am going to treat you to something sensible. Come and have a necktie with me."

His three friends entered into the spirit of this chastened form of treat with great enthusiasm. Going into a haberdasher's shop, each of the three selected ties at two dollars and fifty cents each, the most expensive ones in the establishment.

Now it just happened, through perverse Fate, that at that particular moment Ham only had four dollars and eighty-five cents in his pockets. To make matters worse, the shopkeeper was not only a stranger, but he was cold-blooded and suspicious.

Ham was equal to the emergency. Putting his hand into his pocket as if about to pay for the ties, he suddenly concentrated his gaze upon one of them and requested leave to see it for a moment. With a great show of indignation he pointed out that the material was not silk, but a cheap imitation thereof.

By judiciously accusing the shopkeeper of attempted swindling he contrived to provoke an angry retort which gave him the desired excuse for stalking out in high dudgeon without making a purchase. Once on the sidewalk, Ham turned to his friends and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, this reform movement is indefinitely postponed."

The supreme test of Ham's tact came when he was detailed to conduct a party of fifteen Canadian women journalists over the line to Vancouver and back. A private car was assigned to the party, whereupon the officials who had extended the invitation began to borrow trouble over arrangements.

The knottiest problem, in their estimation, was to assign the drawing-room without arousing jealousies and heart-burnings which would spoil the trip; for, it was pointed out, fifteen women could not be assembled without giving rise to grave questions of precedence. Ham settled it all off-hand.

"Easiest thing in the world," said he;

"I'll take the drawing-room myself." And he did.

Soon after the party had started, some depraved person around headquarters conceived the idea that it would be a great joke to send this telegram, purporting to come from L. O. Armstrong, the colonization agent, to the Mormon bishop at Lethbridge, Alberta, the centre of a large Mormon settlement:

George Ham, rich Mormon from Wyoming, with fifteen wives in private car, will arrive Lethbridge, Thursday, rain, looking for new location. Advise that he be treated well in hope he may decide to settle. He would be most valuable acquisition to colony.

L. O. ARMSTRONG,
Colonization Agent, C.P.R.

When the train with the journalists' car attached arrived at Lethbridge, the entire Mormon population, attired in its Sunday clothes and headed by the bishop and the elders, was drawn up on the platform to receive the visiting brother and his fifteen wives. Ham was much perplexed by the unexpected warmth of his greeting.

Not until some of the brethren began to question him about his various marriages, desiring particularly to know just where and how he had managed to corral such an all-star celestial galaxy, did it dawn upon him that somebody had been trying to play a joke. But he was game. He carried out the role that had been thrust upon him and departed amid the affectionate adieux of the brethren, promising to return and buy some land after keeping an important engagement at Moose Jaw.

As for the lady journalists, being enlightened regarding the incident, they resumed their journey enregarded with the striking example of true Western hospitality they had just witnessed. With such consummate diplomacy did Ham manage his charges that upon their return to Montreal they formed an organization, elected him an honorary member, and presented him with a gold-headed umbrella.

Last summer a large party of English newspaper men came over for a tour of Canada. They were not mere working journalists, but owners and publishers, and Great Editors with Reputations.

Ham was assigned to escort the party over the Canadian Pacific. So anxious was the management to make a good impression that Ham was called into secret conference and especially and particularly cautioned to be on his dignity and not to attempt any unseemly levity with such a notable assemblage.

When the party arrived in Montreal it was received by a party of distinguished citizens in the most approved English style with such frigid solemnity that ordinary travelers passing near involuntarily buttoned their coats and turned their collars up around their ears. The visitors looked as gloomy as true Beltons might be expected to look on such a hospitable occasion, and conversed in monosyllables.

Ham, who had purposely arrived late, greeted each visitor with his accustomed easy cordiality, and when he had been presented to all horrified the anxious Cana-

dian Pacific Railway officials by slapping the most sedate of all the great editors on the back and calling out a hearty invitation to:

"Come on, boys! This way to the dining-car!"

With the refreshments Ham served out a continuous flow of jokes diluted to suit the British taste. Within an hour the gloom had rolled away like a fog-bank before a July sun. Everybody was calling him "George," and he was addressing them by any term that came handy.

Thenceforward for the eight weeks they were under Ham's charge, those Englishmen kept the tune of their lives. When they returned to Montreal they gave a dinner in his honor, presented him with an elaborate dressing-case, and addressed a glowing eulogy of their vicarious host to the Canadian Pacific management in a round robin.

That's George Ham. And that's all.



How Insect Enemies Destroy Books

They Create Untold Havoc Among Costly Bound Volumes — The Bread Borer, the Beetle, the Book Louse and the Familiar Cockroach Attack and Devour in Their Ranks the Paper and Binding of Expensive Editions —

From the Scientific American.

MORE books and manuscripts have been destroyed by insects than by fire, water, rats and mice combined. The ways and means of exterminating them are interesting, and should prove helpful to the man or woman anxious to preserve costly bound volumes on library shelves. One of the most formidable of the insect pests is the bread borer (*Anobrium paniceum*), which is found in all climates, not only in libraries, but in rye bread, whence its specific name.

The beetle is one-twelfth inch long, downy, light brown, and striped lengthwise. The eggs are laid between the edges of the leaves, in scatches in leather bindings, clinks due to imperfect pasting of backs and fly leaves, etc. They hatch in five or six days, in summer, and the larvae at once bore through the bindings, following the lines of paste. The worm is brownish white, cylindrical, slightly arched and has thirteen segments. The head is brown, scaly, and armed with mandibles which "only cast iron can resist," according to one naturalist. The worm bores long, narrow tunnels through paper, leather and wood, leaving a trail of sawdust mixed with white excrement. The sixteenth century beechwood cover, herewith illustrated, is a

fine specimen of this hookworm's work. Growing rapidly and molting repeatedly, the worm finally enlarges its tunnel to the size shown in the cardboard covers of the *Valerius Maximus*. Pupation occupies twenty days and takes place in enlargements of the tunnels very near the surface so that the perfect insects have to bore through only a thin shell, leaving the large round holes so common in old bindings. Pairing takes place in early summer in the tunnels which are not abandoned until the supply of food fails, when other quarters are sought. Sometimes not a single worm or beetle is found in a volume riddled with holes—a fact that has puzzled many a librarian.

Of the various methods that have been recommended for ridding libraries of borers the only effective one consists in exposing the infested volumes to the vapor of carbon disulphide, by putting them in an airtight metal-lined box with a saucer of that liquid. Thirty-six hours of this treatment suffices to kill beetles, pupae, larvae and eggs. The unpleasant odor of the disulphide disappears after brief exposure to the air and the only objection to the use of this substance is its inflammability and the explosive character of its vapor when mixed with air. Hence the fumigation should be done in the daytime in a well ventilated room and the box should not be opened near a flame. On the other hand, the process possesses the merit of cheapness, as the disulphide costs only 9 cents a pound and an ounce suffices to fumigate a box of 70 cubic feet capacity. Another species of *Anobrium*, the striped borer, found commonly in houses, bores through the shelves and



Silver Plate, Riddled About a Times



"Chyletus Erodinus," a Useful Book Worm.
Magnified about 50 Times.

furniture of libraries, but does not injure the books directly, unless they are bound in wooden boards.

The larva of the Dermestes, on the other hand, has a particular fondness for bindings of leather and parchment. In May or June the females enter the library and lay their eggs, usually, on the edges of books in contact with the wall. As soon as the larvae are hatched they begin their work of destruction, not making long regular tunnels like the borers, but going in all directions and gnawing and disintegrating the bindings in an extraordinary manner. Sprinkling with benzine and fumigation with carbon disulphide have been recommended for their destruction.

Dr. Hagen, of the Museum of Cambridge, Mass., has found traps baited with cheese very efficacious.

Another beetle, the Anthrenus, is occasionally very destructive to books, though it prefers skins, furs and "stuffed" animals.

Far worse is the Lepisma, or "silver fish," so-called from its shape and shining scales. It is a little wingless insect of the order Thysanura, which undergoes no metamorphosis, and infests wardrobes and kitchen pantries as well as libraries. The most destructive species may often be seen scurrying away from a book suddenly opened in summer. It has a large head,

from which the body tapers to a pointed tail, terminating in three bristles. Its favorite food is paste or glue, to obtain which it destroys titles, labels and heavily sized paper, respecting only the parts that are covered with ink. It may be caught by cutting notches in the edge of a small box, and inverting the box on a plate containing paste spread on paper. This trap should be placed in the darkest corner of the room. The insects enter through the notches and are easily surprised and destroyed at their banquet. Pyrethrum powder also destroys or strangles them, but perhaps the best way to get rid of them is to move and air the books frequently, and kill every insect discovered.

Proques or book-lice are often dislodged from old books kept in damp places and may be seen on library shelves in summer. They are almost omnivorous, but especially fond of paste and mold, in search of which they perforate bindings. Their depredations are often erroneously laid to the charge of the bookworms. Pulverized camphor has some effect in driving away the book-lice, and they have a natural and formidable enemy in the Chyletus erodinus. This blind scarian, or mite, which Latreille unjustly denounced as a bookworm, has an oval body, a soft skin, relatively large jaws, and long legs terminating in hooked claws. It swarms in old volumes but it destroys the book-lice, not the books.

The familiar cockroach attacks and devours in its nocturnal raids the paper and

bindings of books as well as flour, sugar and other provisions. The species best known in Europe is the Oriental cockroach (*Blatta orientalis*) of Asiatic origin. In the male the true wings are well developed, but the wing cases do not cover the abdomen. In the female both wings and elytra are rudimentary. The head is short and bent sharply downward. As in all Orthoptera the larva closely resembles the perfect insect, but is wingless. The female lays her eggs in April or May, and then dies. The larvae grow slowly, undergoing six or seven changes of skin. Although the cockroach produces only one brood a year it increases rapidly, especially in the tropics

as possible, is strewn on the shelves. In the morning the cockroaches are found paralyzed, and may be swept up and burned. In Germany the gases produced by the combustion of gunpowder are used. The process, as described by Pergande, consists in compressing slightly moistened gunpowder into cones like those used for Bengal lights, and igniting them, when dry, in the fireplace—a favorite resort of cockroaches. The poisonous gases drive the insects out of the cracks in which they pass the day, and suffocate them, so that they can be gathered and cremated. The process was devised for the purpose of destroying the cockroaches that infest fire-



Book Louse, Magnified about 50 Times.

In the State library at Albany, N.Y., the bindings of a hundred volumes were destroyed by cockroaches in a short time.

Another species, the American cockroach, has become acclimated chiefly in hot-houses and well heated dwellings in France and England, but it has long ravaged libraries in Brazil, Peru and Mexico, where its depredations were mentioned by a missionary friar as long ago as 1654.

Among substances inimical to cockroaches we may mention, first, pyrethrum powder. The powder, in as fresh a condi-

places and chimneys, but it has also been applied, with excellent results, to libraries with cranked walls.

Traps for cockroaches have long been in use. They are of various forms but all are based on the same principle. The simplest is a glass tumbler or other vessel with smooth vertical walls, baited with a little flour. The insects easily reach the edge of the vessel from the floor, crawling up inclined flat strips of wood, placed there for that purpose. Then they fall into the vessel, from which they cannot escape by climbing its smooth walls.



Broad Borer, Magnified about 4 Times.

Where Quality Counts More Than Quantity

The Relative Basis for Determining Advertising Values—Vastly More Money Lost Through Mistaken or Over Estimated Mediums Than in Any Other Way—The Value of Pubility as a Magazine and the Constituency That it Reaches.

By M. M. Gilman in *Printers' Ink*.

A PRETTY close watch on the advertising field for the last thirty years has brought a number of conclusions very clearly into my mind. One of the most important of these conclusions, as I take it, is in regard to the advertising value of circulation.

The tendency on the part of both the agent and the man who pays for the advertising is first, last and all the time, when considering a medium, particularly a daily newspaper, to lay greatest stress on the amount of circulation it is supposed to have. This is a mistake. No such basis is or can be found. The number of readers that can be had for any publication signifies much, but the character of those readers signifies very much more.

The popular notion that an advertising rate should be a definite quantity, like that for a bushel of corn or for a yard of cloth, for instance, is an absurdity. There is no such standard. There can be no such standard. One newspaper differs from another in advertising value as much as one star differs from another in glory. And this in spite of any question of circulation.

Lord Northcliffe remarked to me in London on one occasion: "The European edition of the New York Herald has an average circulation of less than twenty thousand, but I am willing to admit that an advertisement of a transportation line or a specialty store, or an automobile, or a hotel, or a health resort, or of anything else that especially appeals to a traveling American or Englishman, is worth more to the advertiser than the same announcement would be if inserted in my Daily

Mail, with eight hundred thousand circulation."

In further talk on this general subject he said: "We send thirty-one thousand copies of the Mail to the Continent every morning. But who do they go to? To Englishmen who are abroad to make money. The European edition of the Herald goes to English reading travelers who are abroad to spend money."

There you have it in a nutshell. The whole proposition is there. The advertiser who would weigh the merits of those two papers on the basis of copies circulated would go wrong woefully. Lord Northcliffe frankly admitted that on a basis of forty to one the balance was still on the side of the small circulation.

This is an extreme case, I admit. The European edition of the Herald is unique. But the principle underlying the case is precisely the same that underlies the advertising value of every newspaper. There is no city in America that supports several papers where the careful observer cannot see an illustration more or less marked of this difference in the advertising value of circulation. Every alert New York business man knows that the Herald, the Tribune and the Post, for instance, have an advertising value for substantial propositions that is out of all proportion to their circulation, when compared with the volume that some other papers send out. So, too, of the old time Ledger, in Philadelphia, and the Sun, in Baltimore.

Practically the same condition exists in regard to magazines. Some of these publications have circulations that run well up to the half million mark and yet reach con-

sistencies of small individual buying power.

The only way to learn what the advertising value of any periodical really is as to judge by results. In the absence of such data there are earmarks that the man skilled in these things will not overlook. If a publication is attractive to a class of a community or to the people of a section of the country the fact will be patent, and there will be an advertising value to its circulation that is exactly proportioned to the number of copies read and to the appeal that the advertised thing makes to the taste and to the buying capacity of the readers.

Right here is where the services of a bright, square, well posted advertising agent comes in as a profitable investment. Very few business men have the time or the training to even approximately master the newspaper situation. To do it even fairly well requires a broad, clear, analytical mind, unbiased judgment and a world of experience and observation. The costly folly of poor copy is admitted, but I believe that vastly more money is lost by advertisers through mistaken or over-estimated mediums than in any other way.

I have been much interested in watching the course of the new Southern magazine, Uncle Remus. This is a publication that seems to have a mission—to represent the best thought of the Southland. Yet in doing so it is not partisan, it is not sectional. "Uncle Remus," whose death occurred recently, was a national—an international—character, and a magazine bearing his name is at once on friendly terms with a multitude of readers. On the lines it is now following I do not see how it can fail to win hosts of friends North and South.

I should consider such a magazine a fine advertising medium for anything that will appeal to a thoughtful, earnest, intelligent constituency of average citizens. The more of them there are the better, of course; but I will be amazed if there is not

business for any reasonable advertiser in such a medium, even if it had but ten thousand circulation instead of the more than two hundred thousand that Uncle Remus claims.

A prominent department store advertiser in New York told me recently, when talking of a city publication with nearly one hundred thousand circulation, that time and time again he had tried that medium for his store without one response that could be traced. I cannot conceive that such a condition could exist with any publication that had a loving, believing following.

When in East Aurora, N.Y., lately, Fra Elbertus showed me the analysis of medium values prepared by an advertiser of national character and covering two years. It had been first shown to him that day. Perhaps twenty magazines and near-magazines were on the list. The Philistine stood No. 1 (lowest) in cost of business bringing. Now, the article advertised was just as appealing to Century or Saturday Evening Post or Woman's Home Companion readers or to any other constituency on the list, but I could only conclude that Philistine followers are more apt to be thinkers and doers, and that any given thousand of them will turn in more responses for a thing that tempts them than two or three times the number of the slip-and-go, blunder-bee-in-a-clover-patch sort that read most magazines.

Again I point to the moral of it all—that the worldly wise advertiser will study the character of his mediums as closely as he can, he will catch results, he will be impressed by surface indications of all sorts—then he will try to make such offerings as will be winsome to the readers he appeals to. He will not hit the bull's-eye every time, but he should never score a clean miss if he is not carried away by the myth that circulation is the all-in-all as a basis for determining advertising values.

The Physical Effect of Business Integrity

It Pays to be Honest, From the Mental Tranquility That Comes as a Reward From the Practice of this Virtue, if From no Higher Motive—Health and Happiness are Measured Wholly by the Esteem in Which a Man is Held by His Fellows.

By Eugene Christian in the Bookkeeper Magazine.

EVERY young man who starts out into the great business world is confronted, sooner or later, by the question, "Does it pay to be honest?"

In all probability he has heard this question discussed hundreds of times by his good mother, the minister, the moralist, his sweetheart, and, perhaps, his father. He may have had a few object lessons pointed out to him where some dishonest man has tumbled, lost his fortune, been ostracized from society or maybe got into jail.

The reward suggested for business integrity by his parents was self-respect—the reward of the moralist was standing in his community or social recognition. The prize named by the new theology was flitting from star to star like a yellow butterfly offering by the minister was a pair of reversible wings a million years hence, but the true reward, the prize of most value, the account for business honesty upon which he can draw every minute he lives, in all probability has never been thought of or brought to his attention by any of his instructors.

The young man has formed his opinions. He has a whole decalogue of business determinations—of high and well defined purposes. He gets out into the hard business fight. He sees things as they are. These things mold and shape his opinions and his opinions mold and shape his conduct.

He sees the race-track gambler, dignified by the title of turfman, prosper. He sees a bucket-shop open business with a cedar pencil and a tab of paper and thrive and assume that arrogance born of the dollar mark. If he is on the inside he sees banks, trust and insurance companies use

the people's money against the people's interest. He sees men called financiers do things to a thousand people that would land them in the penitentiary were they to do the same thing to anyone of these people individually.

He sees men doing things every day behind the charter of a corporation that the law would not permit them to do as individuals. He sees all these things done by men just like himself. He sees them prosper, he sees them make more money or get more of the people's money by a single crooked deal than he could make in 104 years accurately figured out with his fountain pen.

He has never met any of these men except probably the banker and the bucket-shop keeper, and they, well-groomed, looked very happy, very saucy, very independent, very important. He has heard the other people talked about, written about, has seen their pictures in the papers.

He sits down some quiet rainy evening and figures it all out about as follows:

The bucket-shop, man or stock-broker "makes the money," and the money means—well—. The bankers and trust company people get the money somehow and the public regards them as big sterling men. The financiers get the money, too, and plenty of it. They get talked about—get their pictures in the papers and have red automobiles and go to Europe every once in a while.

The argument of his dear mother about self-respect is very good, but self-respect is so often measured by what others think we are: the standing of the banker and trust company men does away with the "position in society" argument, the "star to star"

scheme has been lost in the smoke of business battle, and the "reversible wing" theory is too far from the point of delivery, so the chances are ten to one that his conduct, business integrity, high, moral aspirations and common business honesty will be shaped very largely by his environment.

Though a little pessimistic, this is the truth about the majority of young business men, especially in large cities.

But there is another side to this story, which if he was made thoroughly acquainted with might change his whole business career, or at least to some extent dim the glare of gold and the "great white way." It is this: Science has recently discovered, that the mental condition, more than any other one thing governs the secretion of the saliva, gastric juice of the stomach, bile of the liver and pancreatic fluids. These four solvents govern most entirely the digestive and assimilation of food and excretion of waste and these things govern health absolutely.

If every young business man was made thoroughly familiar with these facts, his pride in the power that robust health gives and the admiration bestowed upon its possessor by both women and men would influence and shape more business destinies than all other forces combined.

In every city there are large business industries that are operated on plans of absolute honesty and integrity. It has been the privilege of the writer, who for many years visited every large city in the United States

annually, to become acquainted with the founders of these great concerns, whose age in many instances had gone far beyond three-score years and ten, and I am convinced that in nearly every one of these cases extreme age and good health was due largely to the state of mental tranquility produced by honest business dealings; while on the other hand we see all around us striking examples of the "pace that kills."

The average life of the financier in our large cities is less than fifty years, and those who exist in the strife of money getting and succeed in living beyond this period are physical wrecks, totally unable to enjoy the best things in a beautiful world.

One, among the richest men in New York, who consulted me recently about his health, said, "Ah, money to the winds, it is not worth the candle. It costs too much to get it, and too much to keep it." We buy money with blood and tears, hopes and fears.

The desire to display and "show out" is a dominant trait with nearly every young man at some time. Money merely supplies the elixir; but as he grows older he grows more thoughtful and philosophic. He finds that no calling is worth a copper that does not have for its ultimate purpose a public good. He finds that his health and happiness are measured wholly by the esteem in which he is held by his fellow men. This esteem cannot be secured by the mere changing of money—the shifting of coin

A woman knocks out a man altogether when it comes to integrity.

I wonder if since the world began a man has ever helped a woman to any achievement.

Mrs. Grundy is too old in the world's law to forgive a woman an error—unless she is rich enough to pay for her good repeat.

The world is so pitiless—it will forgive you crimes if you are successful, but if you fail, mistakes would be counted as a sin past mending.

The men who do the big things are like war horses; they can stand the roar of the cannon and the thrust of the bayonet, but the fly-stings irritate them past endurance.—From "The Speculator," by Olive Christian Malvery.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

The best selling books during the past month were:-

Canada.

Mr. Crow's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Prima Donna. By F. M. Crawford.
Burner. By Rex E. Beach.
Saville. By F. H. Burnett.
Sunshine Good. By William De Morgan.

United States.

Mr. Crow's Career. By Winston Churchill.
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.
Burner. By Rex E. Beach.
Coast of Chance. By C. and L. Chamberlain.
Chapman. By C. K. and A. M. Williamson.
Husbands of Edith. By G. E. McCutcheon.

England.

Jack Sparlock. Fredrick. By G. H. Lortzner.
The best selling book in England.

SOME NEW BOOKS WORTH READING.

Sowing Seeds in Duany. By Nellie L. McLaughlin.
Guthrie. Amethyst. By Miss F. W. Magrath.
Four Sonnets of a Sonneted. By James F. Huxford.

The Cradle of New France. By A. G. Doughty.
Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs. By J. Castall Hopkins.

Through the Maritime Provinces. By Charles Mait.
Sir James Douglas in Malaya of Canada. By Hamilton Goode and B. E. Gosnell.

The Lost Dragon. By Edward S. Ellis.
The Feigns of the Winkless Best. By G. D. Hilly.

The Rural Campers Ashore. By Paul Perley.
Hops, the Rector's Extraneous Story. By John A. Hutten.

Andalus Lays. By Mrs. Inge's Morris.
The Love of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.

Bremer's Dollars. By E. Paul Newman.
The Angel and the Author—and Others. By Jerome K. Jerome. Paper.

Milly and Gilly. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Paper.

The Murre of the Yellow Room. By Gaston Leroux.
The Incredible Current. By Mrs. L. Lowenberg.
Voices of Vandalia, and Other Indian Tales. By Cy Warren.

The Mark and the Flame. By Alden Mead.
Mendocino. Paper.

The Awakening of Anthony Weir. By Selma K. Hocking.

The Mountain. and Other Poems. By George Benson.

The Undergrowth. By Arthur Stringer.
British Sentiment in the 18th Century. By Gerald R. Horne.

BRIGHT THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

Certain small free have been known to light world-wide configurations.

However small it may be, it doesn't pay to tilt at windmills. . . . Not unless you want the wind-own.

Changing the angle of the sword-dance doesn't affect the time of day.

Many worthless people are popular because they don't tread on any one's toes.

New men are fools on all points of the compass.

Canada do not necessarily require a white stage, nor tragedies nor amphetamines for their excitement.

There is no blast so powerful as withering, as the blast of ridicule. Only the strongest men can withstand it.

If some less American lawyer would really put his mind to the evolution of the Tim Com-mendments, the high heavens themselves might be cheered.

American men of affairs are too busy to consider position. They make it as a by-product.

It is natural for a man to like to hear the points of his character denuded by a discerning woman.—From "Mr. Crow's Career," by Winston Churchill.

When I was young, a girl was satisfied if she got a husband, the girl's trouble about a particular man. Now she wants an exchange.

It's the fault of the age, that silly sentimentalism that can see nothing but virtue in the criminal and nothing but cruelty in punishment.

There are only two classes of people in the world, those who don't care what they eat and those who do.

It's very difficult to be in earnest when nobody else is.

I asked him what his ideal of a perfect dinner was, and he said he didn't care. Now there must be something wrong about a man who doesn't care what he has for dinner!

There is no smart set. It's an expression of the half-penny press. The learned rich have

enlisted before Pompeii, in every class is every class, and their greed is always the same. It is sentimentalism, tempered by facts. If the women don't gamble and bet, they found a society for the prevention of wearing capes in automobiles, an account of the reality—the ideal.

It's not the strong arm of the law that saves all the tragedies of life, it's the soft hands of little children.—From "Lady Lee," by Florence Warden.

Girls require advertising like any other saleable article, and if they were not given the opportunity of meeting eligible men, how could they be expected to make good marriages?

To most people there is only one side to every question, and that is the side that appeals to them.

There are none so blind as those who idealize.

There is no more foolishness weakness of character than a love of petticoats which comes disguised as a wish to be kind.

There is nothing more unpleasant than to be disillusioned about one's character, and to discover hidden weaknesses which have hitherto lain unsuspected.

It is a sign of weakness to issue commands which you cannot enforce.—From "The Variations," by R. Aesthetics Griffin.

I have seen a music hall performance given by eleven sisters, all of the same size and apparently all of the same age. She must have been a wonderful woman—the mother.

A philosopher has put it as record that he always felt and when he reflected on the narrowness of humanity—but when he reflected upon the amusements he felt almost still.

Marriages are made in heaven—but solely for sport.

Charity is an insurance, at a decidedly moderate premium, in case, after all, there should happen to be another world.

Philosophy is the art of hearing other people's troubles.

It is a simple success, philosophy. The idea is that it solve matters which happen to you provided you don't mind it. The weak point in the argument is, that nine times out of ten you can't help minding it.

Philosophy is the science of eating the inevitable, which most of us strive to accomplish without the aid of philosophy.

We can most of us forgive our brother his transgressions—once we have got away with him.

The modern heroine misbehaves herself with nothing below 'celent rank.—From "The Angel and the Author," by Jerome K. Jerome.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST.

One of the brightest and most readable books just heard is "Sowing Seeds in Duany," by Nellie L. McLaughlin, the talented Canadian who resides in Manitoba, Canada. It is published

in the United States, by Doubleday, Page & Co., and by Mr. Wm. Briggs in Canada. The story is a fascinating one and an enthusiastic reader very truthfully remarks: "Twice have I read it from end to end, and then have gone back to reread certain passages again and again, and to me it is the sweetest, the smart, and most accurate picture of the ordinary everyday life of the farm and village of the whole world that has been written, or is ever likely to be written. It has been written by a true daughter of the west, with an observant eye, a keen sense of humor, and a rare gift of expression."

A valuable contribution to the colonialist as well as general history of western Canada has been made by H. A. Gady, B.A., rector of Christ Church, Whitehorse, Y.T., in his life of the Right Reverend William Carpenter Bompas.



MRS. MCLAUGHLIN, MANITOBA, CAN.
Author of "Sowing Seeds in Duany"

D.D., successively Bishop of Athabasca, Macleod River and Selkirk. The book is entitled, "An Apostle of the North," and is a fine, large volume of nearly 400 pages, admirably printed and prettily illustrated.

Robert R. Knapp's new novel to be called "The Web of Time," is announced for publication in October. It is a Canadian story and will be attractively produced.

If some Canadian authors turn to Toronto to secure publishers for their books, it is equally true that many look to Boston for the same purpose. At least one prominent Boston, get

living house has quite a list of Canadian authors—L. C. Page & Company. The latest addition to this list is Miss L. M. Montgomery, whose name is in Prince Edward Island, and who has written a sweet and charming story of rural life, entitled "Anne of Green Gables." To those who like the simple and appealing, the clean and wholesome, the cheerful and inspiring in literature, this book will be a delight, and Canadianists should be proud of an author who can arouse these finer feelings.

It is estimated that during 1917 Germany exported over thirty-two million books to foreign countries, valued at \$17,830,000. The countries in which the demand for these German books was greatest are, in order of consumption, Asia, Hongkong, Switzerland, European Russia and the United States.

According to a report from U. S. Consul-General Benjamin H. Ridgely, Barcelona, Spain, the official book trade and industry has been successfully introduced into Spain. At all the principal French towns, French translations of the most popular of these novels have been selling rapidly for a year or more. The books retail at from 41 cent to about 6 American cents a copy.

"Western Canada." In the series of "Handbooks of English Church Expansion," has recently been issued. It is the work of Rev. E. Norman Tucker, M.A., D.C.L., general secretary of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

Felipe Cox, the originator of the Palmer Cox Brownies, is to have a new book this fall called "Brownie Clones of Brownies," which will no doubt delight many youngsters. Perhaps it is not generally known that Felipe Cox is a Canadian. He was born at Guelph, Ont., and though he spends his winters in the United States, yet in summer he lives in our pretty summer home called Browie Castle, in his native town.

The final volume in the Masters of Canada Series is now being put into type and will probably be ready this fall. It deals with the life of William Lyon Mackenzie, and the author is G. G. S. Lindsay.

"The History of the Thirteen Colonies of North America, 1607-1783," by Reginald W. J. Fisher, M.A., of Sturges College, Oxford, is an early but publication of interest to students of Canadian history. It deals, of course, with the settlement of America.

A notable novel, Canadian in authorship and sense and spirit, entitled, "My Lady of the Shaws," will be published early this autumn. The author is Mrs. J. V. Brown, of Montreal. The story has a two-fold purpose, that of a political novel and the portrayal of a great love and a religious drama. It will have a gender of illustrations in colors. The name of the story is laid prior to the last election during Sir John A. Macdonald's administration.

Mr. Serrin's "Songs of a Sourdough," which was welcomed on its first appearance in Canada, is meeting with favor on the border. Further afield, The London Spectator, in a recent article on "Salmon and Others," praises the new poet with more enthusiasm than is usual with the Spectator when dealing with Canadian writings. "Mr. Kipling had never written The Poet of the Young Men," says the reviewer, "Mr. Serrin's 'Songs of a Sourdough' would have taken a different form 'The Call of the Wild,' 'The Woman and the Angel,' 'The Love of Little Values,' and a score of others, are pure Kipling in manner, in measure only let it be said, for Mr. Serrin has a very suggestive talent of his own. He has seen and suffered, and he has an unusual power of genuine word painting, as in 'The Lone Trail.' At his best we should rank him high among modern poets of wild nature, for he has the great essential of good literature—something to say."

A London despatch says: "Here is a theatrical variation. It is by Mrs. Edith Clark, the Toronto authoress, is playing the leading part in the performance of the dramatization of her novel, 'Three Weeks,' at the Adelphi theatre."

London has an interesting new club. It is called "The Publishers' Club," and is a gradual development of a suggestion made at the last annual meeting of the Publishers' Association. The purpose of the club is to promote friendliness and social intercourse between publishers. The secretary is Mr. Fowler, of Sir Isaac Pitman's staff, and the principal London publishers—men like Mr. John Murray, Mr. Longmans and Mr. Hutchinson—are members. Once a month the members will meet for breakfast and to talk over such matters as are of interest to them professionally.

"Holy Orders, the Treasury of a Quiet Life," is the title which has been given to Marie Curran's novel, which will be published shortly. An assumed surname is Miss Curran's story the setting of the drink evil and the problem of the yellow press have been used.

Humor in the Magazines

BERNARD ROBERTS, head of the legal department of New York's Court of Appeals—this charity helps the poor to adjust their mental troubles without going to the expense of law suits—said the other day: "Such work as mine makes you, if you are not careful, pessimistic about marriage, so that you find yourself telling grumpy, over and over again, the story about St. Peter and the widdow."

"What, you don't know the story?" "Well, it seems that two souls approached St. Peter side by side, and the youngest was refused sternly by the saint on the ground that since he had never been married, he had no known suffering. The older man, adorned with gold confidence, He stated that he had been married twice."

"But him, too, the saint repelled, saying: 'This is no place for fools.'"

William Haggas was angry, and he certainly appeared to have some justification for wealth. "Lina," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 'love the kids' because I'm the only one who's able to do it? It's a lot more than I can do."

She smiled apologetically: "Just listen to reason, if you please, Bill. You have spoiled the shape of that hat with your funny head, and as you're working coal all day in the warehouse, what can a little extra coal dust in your hat matter?"

"You don't see the point, Lina," said William, with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the evenings, so if while I'm here, I take it off my head, it leaves a black band round my forehead. What's the consequence? Why I give up 'cause I'm working my face with my 'at on. And it ain't mine, Lina."

Quietly Jackson went upstairs. A light was burning in the drawing room, by which he knew that his wife had been waiting for him. But he thought that if he could possibly slip into bed without her might find his absence when she arrived with the story that he had been in bed for hours.

Scarcely of words reached his ears. What peculiar madness! One o'clock in the morning and a place being thumped was not conducive to the friendliest relations. What was his wife's complaint?

Ha! His wife was singing—singing some familiar song.

He strained his ears to catch the words. They seemed to him:

"Will me the old, old story"—
He pronounced as his wife.

"I should like to be excused, your lordship," said a man who had been summoned on a jury.

"What for?" "I owe a man \$3. and I want to bust him up and pay it."

"Do you mean to tell this court you would bust up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to bust you?"

"Yes, your lordship."
"You are excused. I don't want any more of the jury who will like that."

A school girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought an automobile. He was riding in the country when it busted going up hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

Alma talked slowly up the stairs, paper and pencil in hand, ready to ask questions of the first person she encountered. Just past six, she was at the landing and saw and refrained to make everybody's life a misery to them.

The first person she encountered was Bridget, the upstairs girl.

"Twelve, Bridget," she pipped, "give me no letters or no address."

Stoically and impressively Bridget complied.

"Aa' now, Bridget," pronounced Alma, "twelve give me no letters or no address."

Bridget thought. Then she thought again. She was puzzled.

Finally she said:

"I'll tell ye to-morrow," and went down to ask leave.

Pat: "Oh say in th' paper something about a bill that was after John's blouse. Please th' meeting of John. Oh please?"

Miss: "Bliss do be th' hell! that comes t' a man after he gets so fat that flesh is hard w-o-uk, ill in th' flesh!"

between windows, and a voice that fitted the heard enquired: "What is it?"

"Is this Mr. Higgins?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Yes."

"Please come to No. 41 High Street just as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't a doctor—I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives two doors below."

"Please, sir," said the little voice. "It's you we want. We and we are shut up in the folding bed, and we can't get 'em out."

②

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a relation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation.

"Little boy," said he, "you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Was the smiling man?" "E was a 'Merican general."

"Quite right. And you tell me what?"

"Hate sin." "E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'sinner an' told the truth." The rest was silence.

③

Teacher: "Children, what creature is that in ornithology which has a very long neck, has something to do with trimming big hats, and fights by scratching and often gives cause to men to be afraid?"

George Fidd: "I know, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, Sammy, what is it?"

Sammy: "An old maid."

④

From an eastern city comes a sad story of a parashooter. He was enjoying a lonely sleep when a serious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk, according to the Ribcock-Brandy Herk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Come down," demanded the knocking.

"Come down!"

The use of many rappers hastened down stairs and peeped around the door.

"Now, sir," he demanded.

"I want to know the time," said the revolver.

⑤

He was the only man at the birthday of lovely girls, and like all only men, he was spoiled. So when the bride of the table remarked that she was very tired of paper and then uttered bald the contents of the paper box over her head he sprung an old gag on her.

"It won't hurt you. This paper is bad."

⑥

"What is that you say?" asked the landlady from the next table. "Speak a little louder, please."

He reiterated his remarks.

"That isn't true," retorted the landlady herself. "I do not use adulterated goods on my table."

"My dear woman," said the third poker. "There are always a lot of lies in paper."

⑦

There was an impressive pause. Then the landlady said in a soothing voice:

"Oh, yes, just as you always furnish part of the dessert."

"I don't understand."

"The chocolate."

⑧

Her Majesty is very fond of visiting the tenants at Bondingham, and some time ago she had an amusing conversation with a poor old woman who was busy darning stockings. Thinking to put the little lady at her ease, the Queen said: "I am sure you cannot have a pair of stockings as quickly as I can."

"Oh, no, the King wears stockings, do 'a'?" asked the dame in surprise. "Only you 'a' me, when you make stockings, know what terrible bad 'ose men do make in their socks."

⑨

A certain great preacher who is a foe to all bigotry and narrowness gives the following illustration of how a minister was fittingly rebuked for uncharitableness:

The clergyman alone one Sunday evening with a Welsh grog waiter in his hand, and told it up so that all might see.

"Deeply beloved," he said, "which this waiter I am going to give you an object-lesson. See me now remember the mind of the rest. This mind is soft, dry, useless, profane. It is like the—"

church.

"Now I come to the shell. It is hard, strong, a difficult thing to crack; but there is no germ latent in it. It is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell, my friends, is like the—"

church.

"And finally, breaking the shell, we come to the kernel, which is like our own church. It is—"

At this point he opened it to show the kernel—and found it rotten.

⑩

A clergyman had conducted services in a theatre in New York. "One of my theatre audiences," he said, "was a Scot from Peebles. This Scot told me that the night of a clergyman in a theatre reminded him of an experience he once had in London. He went to a melodrama at Drury Lane. A man dressed in his livery came to his surprise as recognized in this man his minister at Peebles. He leaped forward and laid his hand on the minister's black coat."

"Oh, Dr. Saunders McIntosh," he whispered, "what was the people in the said look who I tell them I saw you have?"

"Died, they wadna believe 'er," Dr. McIntosh answered quickly. "We 're pious till then."

⑪

"Will," said a newly married friend to Will Waggon, the Nebraska poet. "I'm in a quandary as to just how I shall show my wife's mother. I don't like to call her mother-in-law on account of all the comic paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a certain"

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The Music Typewriter.

A notable musical invention, known as the "musical typewriter," and called the klostergraph, has been invented by Lorenz Kromar, of Vienna. With the aid of this instrument the composer may produce a type-written scroll without the trouble of making the characters by hand. All that he has to do is to place himself at the piano and give free play to his creative faculties. Every stroke upon the key is registered in regular musical characters upon a paper scroll wound upon a drum. The machine operates through a system of electric contacts with piano keys. The registering apparatus, which resembles the ordinary typewriter in size, may, in order to remove discordant sounds, be placed at a distance from the piano—even in an adjoining room.

Black Paper and White Ink.

Black newspaper with white ink is the all-absorbing topic of discussion among Wisconsin paper manufacturers these days. When the idea first appeared in public prints it was almost the laughing of manufacturers personally. But the day after the premier periods of the idea, armies of prominent manufacturers who believed the idea possessed much of merit appeared, and then came the skepticism began to sit up and take notice. Revolutionarily as the idea rarely is, it nevertheless is commanding the attention of a number of manufacturers, and there are more than a few who now declare that the suggestion merits more than passing interest, and should by all means be thoroughly investigated.

Peter Thom, of Appleton, general manager of the Kimberly & Clark Company, and one of the best authorities on paper making in this country, had the following to say concerning this change:

"The use of black paper instead of white for newspapers is an assumed success, as far as the



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